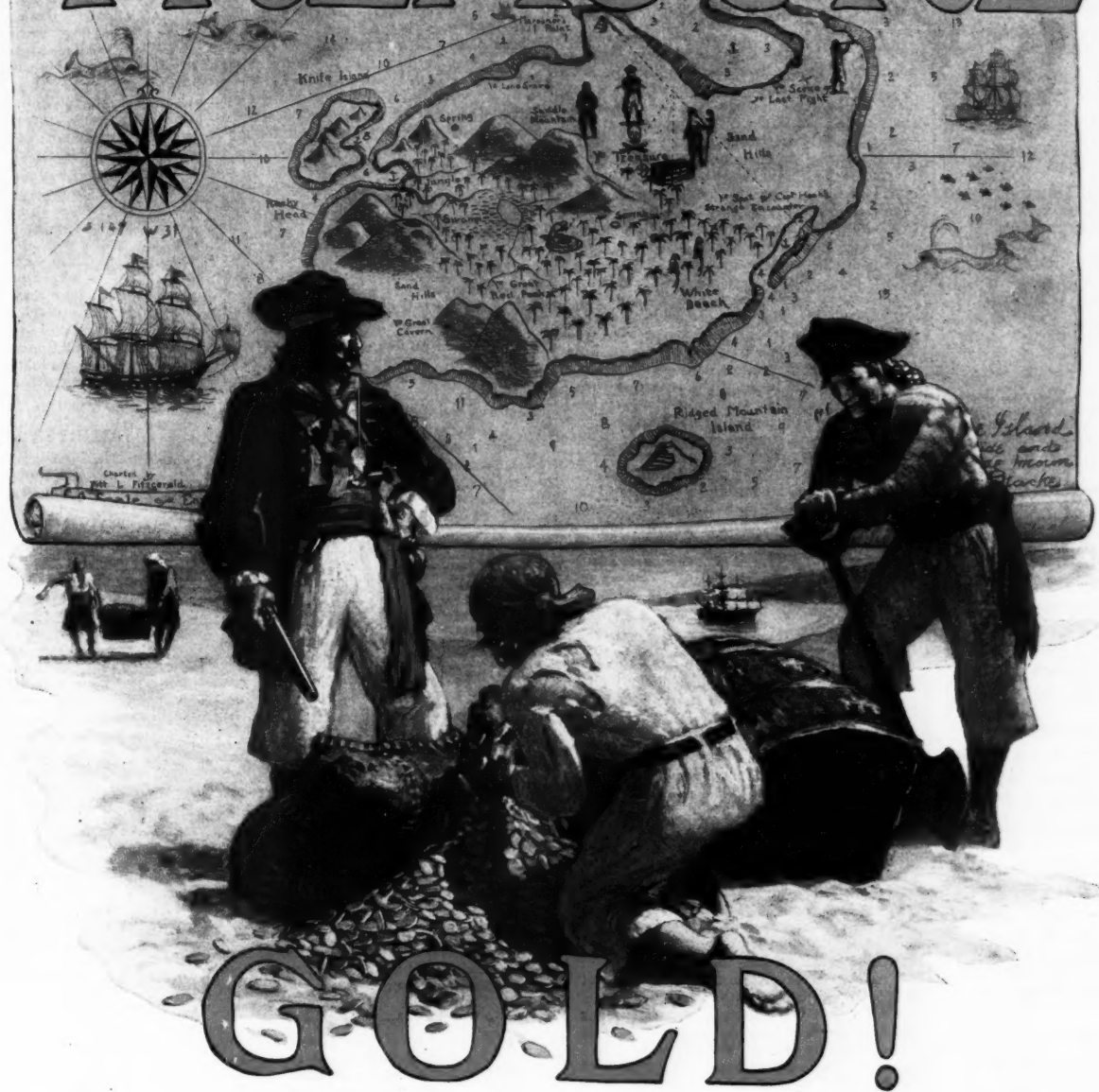


October 22, 1911

The
YOUTH'S COMPANION



TREASURE



See Page 742

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The YOUTH'S COMPANION

published weekly by

**PERRY MASON
COMPANY**

Publication Office

RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.

Editorial and General Offices
8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass.

Office of Postal Entry. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price. The subscription price of the Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year, in advance, for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries.

Remittances. Make remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices.

Change of Address. Give the old as well as the new address in asking for a change of address.

Manuscripts. Address manuscripts to The Editor, sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

WALKING; RIGHT AND WRONG

WALKING is such a mechanical performance that hardly anyone ever gives a thought to the manner of walking. But there is a right and a wrong way to walk.

To walk with the body bent forward from the hips, so that the head and shoulders are lowered and thrust forward, the chest sunken, is quite wrong. It means neglect of the back muscles, which hold the spine erect, the contraction of the chest, with consequent compression of the lungs, and an ill balance of the body, whereby undue strain is thrown on certain muscles, producing early fatigue.

It is equally wrong to draw the body up stiffly, with head and shoulders thrown back, and to thrust the legs stiffly forward, the knees rigidly locked as the heels meet the ground. Such a stride is very tiring, for it requires the expenditure of a great deal of energy at every step. Another fault is walking with the toes turned in or out.

In correct walking you carry the body so that there is no suggestion of stiffness, though the trunk should be well braced above from the waist, to prevent any sagging forward of the abdomen. From the knees upward the weight is inclined slightly forward. The chest, being lifted, allows deep breathing and the fullest expansion of the lungs; the knees are neither continuously locked nor left slack. Each step carries with it a full forward movement of the entire person without any "drawback." Few walkers contrive to get this forward movement, which permits the exercise to be long continued without weariness.

Examination of a walker's boots will very clearly indicate the nature of the faults to which he is addicted. If the rear edge of the heels is worn down, he walks with his body inclined backwards, so that the back of the heel strikes the ground before any other part of the foot—usually too hard. Such walkers very often wear away the toe of the boot sole very quickly.

If the sole wears away along either inner or outer edge, it proves that the feet are not put down flatly; and the body is continually dragged out of the erect position. Some walkers wear down the heels badly with only the smallest appearance of wear elsewhere. That is because they do not bend and straighten the knee with each stride. They keep the knee locked most of the time; the calf muscles do not take their full share of work. Such a gait tires speedily.

With proper body carriage the part of the foot first to meet the ground is the middle of the sole. The "tread" is then continued to the toes. The heels do little more than rest lightly on the ground. In consequence, there is no jarring of the spine. The continued repetition of even a very slight jar during a long walk is a matter of great importance when we consider the cumulative effect upon the nerves and muscles that are affected.

FOXES LOVE CHEESE

CHEESE is good, hearty food, and most animals that are not herbivorous will eat it whenever they get a chance, but it is surprising to learn, from a writer in Field and Stream, that a captive fox can be coaxed into eating cheese, when every other attempt to tease his appetite fails.

This writer had caught an old gray fox alive by digging him out of his hole. He took the animal home, after having a rough and tumble time in capturing and tying him. Chained to a stake near the barn, the fox refused haughtily to touch any food that was offered him. Raw beef, quails, bread crusts and even a couple of rats were tried, but the fox was stuffy and simply would not eat.

Three days passed so. On the morning of the fourth day, says the writer, Mr. David M. Newell, as I passed him on the way to the dog kennels, I noticed that he raised his head, sniffed and started to follow me.

I was eating some crackers and cheese and tossed him part of a cracker. He sniffed it disdainfully. Then I poked a piece of cheese toward him on the end of a little stick. Imagine my surprise to see him grab it and—although keeping one eye on me—swallow it down greedily and come back for more! In two days he was taking cheese from my hand and eating anything else that came his way, including one of the chickens that came too near his box.

It was amusing to watch the attitude of this fox toward the other animals on the place—and theirs toward him. He watched the chickens hungrily, but dared not bother them during the day. The chickens, stupid creatures, feared their natural foe not one whit, and I have often seen them actually jostle and crowd the poor old fox away from his breakfast. This was always a particularly trying ordeal for him, and the helpless rage he showed at such times was laughable.

The dogs treated him as one of their own number and never disturbed him except to take his food away. The fox would bluff it out as long as he could, always yielding to one of the grown dogs or old Sandy, the Airedale, in the end, but never failing to get the best of the pups.

The funniest thing I have seen in a long time occurred one day when the chickens were having their usual banquet at the fox's expense. He sat watching me with the shrewdest look imaginable in his eyes, as if to say, "Just turn your back on me one minute and—" At this juncture one of the hound puppies ambled up and calmly scattered the chickens, while he proceeded to finish up the eats, wagging his long, clumsy tail in great joyful circles.

This was too much for the fox. The same shrewd, calculating look came into his eyes, and this time he decided to risk it. Quick as a flash he reached out and grabbed the pup by the tail. The pup squalled and nearly jumped out of his skin, while the fox faced me defiantly to see what I was going to do about it.

But to return to the subject of the cheese. Of twenty-odd foxes that I tried on cheese after the interesting discovery I made, two thirds of them ate it with gusto the day after they were caught, and the others—old and young alike—on the second day. How a fox gets this odd taste for cheese I do not pretend to know.

THE RIDE TO YORK

DICK TURPIN, one of the most famous of the old-time "knights of the road," was a dull, violent and ruthless scoundrel, as unknighly and unromantic as possible. Robbery, murder and torture were included in his exploits. There was nothing picturesque about him, except his splendid mare "Black Bess"; and even her achievements have been exaggerated, for, as a recent English writer once more points out, it was not Dick upon Bess who made the celebrated and oft-rhymed ride to York, but another highwayman, less renowned and less villainous—a stealer of purses, but no taker of lives—who did so, mounted upon a nameless mare.

He was John Nevison, oftener known to the apprehensive and reluctantly admiring public of his day as Swift Nick. His mount was a beautiful chestnut creature, of extraordinary intelligence, speed and endurance; the partner and beloved friend of her master. She is supposed to have been the prototype of Winnie, the wonderful mare of Tom Faggus in Lorna Doone.

Swift Nick, having held up and robbed a man at Gad's Hill one day, just at dawn, and having reason to think he might be suspected since his mask had slipped and his victim, a man who knew him by sight, had caught a hasty glimpse of his face, decided to set up an apparent alibi by removing himself promptly to the greatest distance possible—a distance that he trusted his peerless mare to make seem impossible. As the clocks struck four he started. At Gravesend they crossed

the ferry, and there and thrice more at Chelmsford, Cambridge and Huntingdon he paused briefly to bait or rest his horse. Save for those short stops he kept straight on to York; and at quarter to eight that evening, having covered, roughly speaking, a hundred and ninety miles in fifteen hours, he dropped in, with a casual and convivial air, to join the company at the Bowling Green Inn. They became at once his numerous and sufficient witnesses. Suspicion died at once; and for one more time Swift Nick swaggered free and triumphant on his plundering way.

In the end, like virtually all the other gentry of the road, he was caught and hanged; like most of them, too, his fate was bewailed in one of those curious broadsheet ballads, so precious to collectors today.

A QUEER PRESCRIPTION FOR LONG LIFE

ALMOST every practice of the Chinese strikes us who live in the West as topsyturvy. There is, for example, their belief, explained in the London Mail, that long life can somehow be attained by preparing in advance the appropriate kind of graveclothes in which you are eventually to be buried.

Many Chinese provide their own shrouds in their lifetime and have them cut out and sewn by an unmarried girl or a very young woman, for they believe that, since such a person is likely to live a great many years to come, a part of her capacity to live long must surely pass into the clothes she works on and thus postpone for many years the time when they shall be put to their proper use.

Among these graveclothes there is one robe in particular on which special pains have been lavished to imbue it with the priceless quality of long life. It is a long silken gown of the deepest blue color, with the word "longevity" embroidered all over it in thread of gold. To present an aged parent with one of these costly and splendid mantles, known as "longevity garments," is esteemed by the Chinese an act of filial piety and a delicate mark of attention. The owner never fails to don it on his or her birthday, for in China common sense bids a man lay in a large stock of vital energy on his birthday, to be expended in the form of health and vigor during the rest of the year.

A DOUBTER CONVINCED

AMAN who lives in eastern Minnesota, a little north of the twin cities, was a subscriber to The Youth's Companion. Like all subscribers, he read The Companion from cover to cover. He was especially interested in some of the "tall stories" from different parts of the country, but he could not believe most of them.

One day, while meditating on the improbability of the latest story, he took his high-powered rifle and went out hunting. He had not gone far into the woods when in a little clearing ahead of him he saw a fine buck. The buck was facing away from the man. Carefully he took aim and fired. The buck, hit from the rear, whirled to do battle with the intruder. He faced the man, then trembled and fell. As the buck fell, a rifle bullet struck the man lightly, giving him a flesh wound. Where did the bullet come from? No other hunter could be discovered. Then he examined the bullet. It was from his own rifle! With shaking hands he examined the buck. The bullet had come out through the buck's chest when he had whirled. He had shot himself! And yet he had doubted the milder stories, he thought miserably.

He went home "a sadder and a wiser man" and writes this confession to The Companion!

WHAT NAMES! WHAT NAMES!

HOW inexplicable is the taste in names that some people display! We are led to make that reflection by an item that we find in the Manchester Guardian.

The appearance of a witness in a divorce court who, when sworn, had to admit that his rightful name was Jolly Death makes one wonder how children, thus burdened, can be expected to honor their parents. The registers of Somerset House contain other appalling entries, such as: Bodica Basher, Happy Jiggins, Haystack Brown, Anno Domini Davis, Judas Iscariot Burton, Ananias Cutting, Odious Ieaton, Bovril Simpson, Sardine Box, Joscoe Ann Reynolds, River Jordan, Not Wanted Smith, and One-too-many Simpson.

These are all English examples, but no doubt as many queer combinations could be found in the birth registries of New York, Boston or Chicago.

THE DEVIL'S THUMB

By Walter Scott Story

WHEN Bob Cushman pulled his dory round the point of Hump Island—a desolate, pine-crowned rock that rose from the deep like the curved back of some colossal sea monster—he came into the kick-up from the storm of the previous night—mighty billows rolling smoothly in from the unbound reaches of the Atlantic. The outer edge of the island—a maze of boulders—was a wall of foam, and the billows, borne upon the flooding tide, roared there continuously. To his right, about a mile away, was Lighthouse Point, a mere split of jumbled rocks, where the breaking seas sent a smother of white up the rude terraces and even about the squat and sturdy lighthouse itself, making it seem as if it were in a field of snow.

Bob was used to this, and he bent himself to his task and pulled outward, with the strong morning breeze from the sea against him. The heave of the sea was vast, swinging him as if from star to star; but the wave crests were so far apart that his work was not very difficult.

Catching sight of the first of his red-and-black buoys, he pulled to it. He secured the rope from the buoy and, balancing himself skillfully in his boat, hauled up his lobster trap, which yielded him enough to promise a good morning's take. From this first trap, he went over his grounds, pulling his traps one by one.

It was light now, the sky was almost fleckless blue, and the whole sea was a glimmer of gold. Lighthouse Point, the lighthouse, Hump Island, the distant mainland, with its curving shore and fish houses and little wharves and its church steeple—all stood out in the clear morning like marvelously wrought silhouettes. Busy with his work and manœuvring from trap to trap, Bob had scarcely noticed this transformation from the dull gray morning to a day of sunshine and blue and gold.

As he drew up the line of his next-to-last trap and looked about with a sudden realization that it was day and that he stood in a scene of wonder and beauty, there came upon the seaward wind a sound that caused him to turn and stare outward into the glimmer and sparkle of the open sea.

"I wonder what that was," he muttered.

The sound was not repeated, however, and he drew up his line, foot by foot. As he pulled the trap across the gunwales, the sound came again—a shrill, long-drawn howl. He looked up and out. There was something weird about that sound, and his heart thrilled as he narrowed his eyes and stared into the glimmer of the morning. He was far out from land, and, besides, the wind came from the sea; he knew that the sound, whatever it was, came from the ocean. It had seemed to be a howl—faint, but prolonged.

"Can't be anything," he said aloud. "Can't be."

He let his eyes go from left to right, slowly searching the water, and then back over his sweep of the sea from right to left. He saw nothing. The only

object that broke the continuity of the horizon or the surface of the sea was the Devil's Thumb, the grim spire of rock a mile out, protruding sheer from the sea.

Bob rebaited his trap and sank it, then, resuming his oars, pulled outward for the last buoy. As he reached for this marker there came again the howl that had first startled him. He gazed out at the Devil's Thumb. If that sound came from anything above water, it must come from that pinnacle of rock. And yet what could be there? How could anything get upon it?

Without taking up his trap, he listened. The howl sounded over the water clearly. And then, suddenly, he saw something outlined against the sky—on the top of the sheer stone spire!

"A dog!" he exclaimed, in extreme amazement.

It was no wonder that the presence of any living creature there should amaze him. The Devil's Thumb was an almost square shaft with a roughly rounded contour; indeed, it very much resembled to vivid fancy a monster thumb protruding out of the water twenty feet or more. In these northern waters where Bob Cushman plied his trade as a lobsterman there is an extremely high tide—sometimes twenty feet; and at this hour of the morning, with the tide only half

in, the stone was fully twenty-five feet above the surface of the sea.

At high tide the Devil's Thumb was almost always awash, and its landward brink formed a lip for a cataract of water thrown across its top.

"A dog!" exclaimed Bob again. As he watched, the animal threw up its head toward the sky and sent

out a dolorous yowl upon the wind.

Bob pulled up his trap, emptied it, rebaited it and, dropping it overboard, resumed his oars. All this time the dog's cry continued, the howl sometimes changing to short, sharp yelps. The poor little creature was assuredly calling for help as well as it knew how. Bob grinned at the dog's excited barking as he approached. When he was a hundred feet away he turned his dory somewhat and looked up.

The dog—a fox terrier, brown and white—capered about on the rock and barked in apparent delight.

"You poor little chap!" muttered Bob, looking at the sheer column, the lower ten feet of which was covered with slimy weed. "I wonder how you got there. Well," he said at last after studying the shaft, rough and knobby, of course, but apparently too smooth for a climb, "I'm sorry for you. When you're washed over, though, I guess you can make the island."

Trying to make himself believe this, he turned his dory. The dog became silent, standing on the brink of the wall and watching him intently. But as Bob set himself and made his first stroke he barked—a dozen snappy yelps. Bob stopped rowing; his heart swelled with pity. "I can't leave him," he said to himself. "The poor little fellow!"

He swung his boat about, and the dog instantly became silent and watched him as before.

The Thumb was rough on the seaward side; but landing there was out of the question, for the long, smooth billows broke almost to the top in a smother of spray. The landward side was more sheltered, of course, yet an attempt to climb it seemed too hazardous a risk, especially since it would be necessary to scale the weed-covered part. So far as Bob knew, nobody had ever been to the top of the Thumb.

"Jump!" he called to the dog. "Jump. Jump!"

If the dog would only jump, he could easily get him from the water. He wheedled and coaxed and shouted; but the little terrier ran back and forth, barking sharply, now and then coming to the brink and looking down.

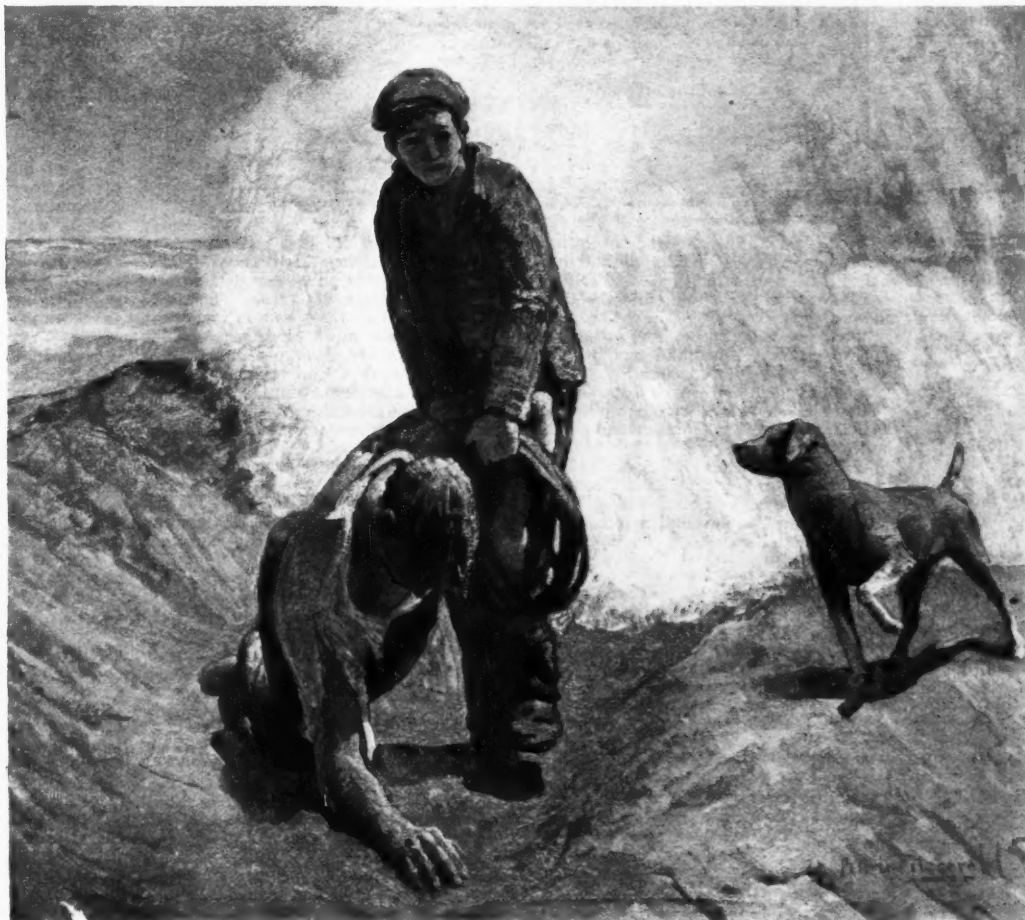
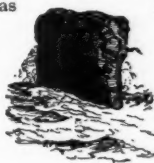
"You know what I mean!" cried Bob, after a time, almost angry. "Jump, you little monkey!"

He pulled in closer to the Thumb and gazed up. The look in the dog's eyes touched his heart.

He found a rough projection three or four feet above him, and to this he fastened the painter of the dory. Then he put a coil of rope over his shoulder and under one arm and started the climb. Ashore he surely would have been quick to assert that he would not do this thing to save a dog—at least an unknown dog; but he would no more have deserted the terrier now—he knew the little fellow was trusting him—than he would have deserted a human being.

It was a difficult climb, and not without peril; more than once he had a narrow escape from falling from the slippery, weed-covered rock. Up and up he crawled, finding the shaft much rougher than he had at first supposed it to be. When he was above the high-water mark, he came, of course, to dry stone, and here, too, the surface was sufficiently uneven to make the ascent possible. There seemed to be little chance of getting injured. He knew that, if he should slip, he could push out as he fell and strike deep water—and get nothing worse than a ducking.

When he began to climb, the terrier barked joyously, but as Bob crawled on without response the little dog became silent, standing on the edge and watching him as if in extreme fascination. Bob finally reached the top and grasped a protuberance beyond the edge to pull himself from the wall; then the little dog danced about and barked in a frenzy. Bob pulled himself upon the top of the Thumb, and for a moment or two lay there, get-



DRAWING BY PITT FITZGERALD

"We've got to risk it," said Bob

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ting his breath and wondering how he was to get down. At length, he arose, feeling a certain degree of triumph in being on top of the spire.

The top of Devil's Thumb was about thirty feet square, an uneven surface of deep, smooth concavities. On the seaward side there was a hole through the rock, as if human hands had cut it so that the sea might come up under the arch; and this showed Bob why the Thumb was awash so constantly. At high tide, even in only a moderate sea, the water would come up through this arch, flood the depressions of the top and cascade over the edges.

He could not see the entire top of the rock from his first position, by reason of the deep hollows; so, after a vain attempt to make friends with the wildly dancing terrier, he picked his way carefully down among the basins and across the ridges that formed them.

With the little dog capering about him, he went across the stone and came to the top of a rib that marked the last depression—a bowl the outer lip of which was the brink of the Thumb. Upon the top of this little ridge he came to an abrupt halt. A startled exclamation burst from his lips, and his heart leaped.

Jammed among the rocks at the end of the depression was a ragged bit of wreckage, apparently part of a life raft, and on the wreckage a man lay with his haggard face upturned in the sunshine. The terrier had darted down into the bowl before Bob. He sat now by the man as close as possible, and was growling as savagely and courageously as a Bengal tiger.

"I wonder," began Bob, speaking aloud. Then to his intense relief the man on the wreckage opened his eyes and put a hand on the terrier's head. The little dog stopped growling and, turning, licked the man's hand and face, wagging his stub tail in delirious joy.

Bob went down toward the man and spoke to him.

"Am I hurt?" said the stranger in response to his query. "Yes. Got a broken leg and a broken wrist—left hand. My name's Meekins. I was on the schooner Mercedes of Portland,—mate and part owner of her,—and she went to pieces last night somewhere. Tom here and I got shot up to this place through that arch, I suppose."

Bob looked at the outer edge of the little depression, and shuddered. What a miraculous escape! If the wreckage had been washed four or five feet farther, the man and his dog would have been lost. The sea must have fallen providentially.

"Where am I?" Bob gulped. He perceived immediately that the man did not know what a peculiar escape he had had and in what a perilous predicament he now lay. After a slight hesitation he told the sailor exactly where he was and in what manner the dog had brought him.

For a few moments, Meekins lay silent, staring now at Bob and now away into the sky. "Well," he said, at last, "you say the tide will be up in about an hour. What then?"

"With this sea running," said Bob, "this place will be awash. If the tide hadn't been going down when you were washed up here last night you never would have stayed."

"Can't you get help?"

"Not in time. Couldn't get to the village and back before she'll be—wet."

The injured man closed his eyes, but presently opened them and looked at Bob with a smile on his haggard face.

"Don't you stay, young fellow," he said. "But—save Tom. The only thing you can do is to see if you can't make the trip before I get washed over."

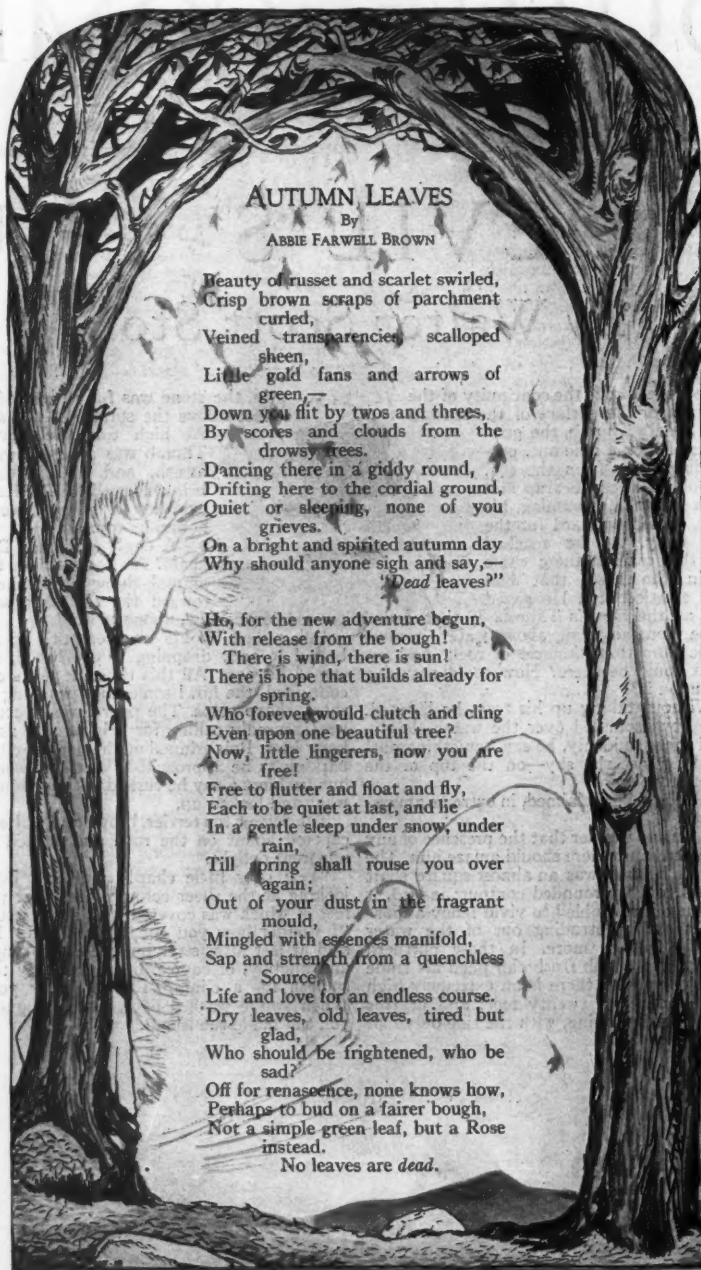
Bob shook his head and sat down. He knew getting help was impossible. For a long time he talked with Meekins, trying to hit upon a way of getting him down to the dory; but there seemed to be no way of doing it.

The sea was rapidly rising. The billows roared on the seaward side of the spire, and as time went on spray shot up through the archway and drenched them. And soon the green waters began leaping up into the lower end of the bowl, sending long, froth-tipped feelers toward them.

At last, Bob rose. "We've got to do something," he declared.

"Take the dog—take Tom," said the sailor.

Bob went to the brink of the Thumb and looked down. His dory was all right. How near it seemed! How good it looked to him! For his part, he could jump straight down from the shaft and climb into the boat. And he was tempted to do that!



AUTUMN LEAVES

By
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Beauty of russet and scarlet swirled,
Crisp brown scraps of parchment
curled,
Veined transparencies scalloped
sheen,
Little gold fans and arrows of
green,—
Down you flit by twos and threes,
By scores and clouds from the
drowsy trees.
Dancing there in a giddy round,
Drifting here to the cordial ground,
Quiet or sleeping, none of you
grieves.
On a bright and spirited autumn day
Why should anyone sigh and say,—
"Dead leaves?"

Ho, for the new adventure begun,
With release from the bough!
There is wind, there is sun!
There is hope that builds already for
spring.
Who forever would clutch and cling
Even upon one beautiful tree?
Now, little lingerers, now you are
free!
Free to flutter and float and fly,
Each to be quiet at last, and lie
In a gentle sleep under snow, under
rain,
Till spring shall rouse you over
again;
Out of your dust in the fragrant
mould,
Mingled with essences manifold,
Sap and strength from a quenchless
Source,
Life and love for an endless course.
Dry leaves, old leaves, tired but
glad,
Who should be frightened, who be
sad?
Off for renaissance, none knows how,
Perhaps to bud on a fairer bough,
Not a simple green leaf, but a Rose
instead.
No leaves are dead.

The injured man he thought was without doubt doomed, and he himself had little chance if he waited for the sea to roll him about on top of the Thumb and shoot him outward.

"What you going to do, boy?" asked the man when Bob returned and sat down.

"Stick," replied Bob, laconically. Meekins smiled and patted Tom.

The waters now came strongly up through the bore, flooding the depression and moving the wreckage grindingly.

Bob rose deliberately. "I don't know that I can hold you," he said, "but I've got to try to lower you by this rope." They had, of course, discussed this method before, but had dismissed it as impossible.

"Can you stand it?" Bob asked Meekins. "Got to," said the other grimly.

The sea came rushing faster and faster now, and, although not strong enough to endanger them, it was clear that their stay on the Thumb must be short. Lifting Meekins, carefully, Bob placed the rope under his shoulders, and then helped him crawl to the edge of the cliff.

"Pretty sharp here, boy," said the sailor, running his uninjured hand across the brink.

"We've got to risk it," said Bob. "Try to keep conscious and hold on to the rock as much as you can. You're pretty heavy."

Meekins, although suffering greatly, was calm, and, as Bob leaned back in the bowl, he helped himself over the edge as much

as possible without further injuring himself, Bob, lying on his back, with his feet braced against the lip of the bowl, groaned when he felt the other's dead weight, groaned because he knew that he could not sustain it long. The small rope he had brought cut into even his work-hardened hands in cruel fashion. He was strong, but it was as much as he could do to hold the man.

Tom, the terrier, sat on the edge of the Thumb and—whining constantly—watched his master dangling below him.

Suddenly a billow larger than the others broke just below the arch. It sent up a rush of swirling water that rolled a foot deep over Bob in his recumbent position. Somehow he held to the rope; but in the moment when the water receded, he fell back against the rock as if a huge weight had dropped upon his chest.

"Oh!" he cried, in terror, and leaped wildly to his feet. The rope had parted! He was staring dazedly at three feet of it—with a frayed end—held in his burning hands.

Tom was running about frantically and barking without let-up. Bob seized the dog, threw him into the water and then leaped from the brink of the Devil's Thumb. When he came up he saw to the right, about four rods distant, the mate of the Mercedes rolling like a water-soaked log in the swiftly flooding tide.

He struck out for him and soon had the unconscious, half-drowned man by the coat collar. Turning on his back, he began to battle with the strong tide, making for the dory, which was now half full of water from the sea thrown over the Thumb. It was no easy task to drag the sailor. The pull of the tide was great, but presently he gained the lee of the rock and from there had little difficulty in getting Meekins to the boat.

After half a dozen desperate attempts he succeeded in pulling the man into the boat and, after draining the water out of him as much as possible, in propping him up in one end. When this was done, he grasped the dog, which had been paddling round, and put him aboard. Then he bailed the dory, cut the painter with his pocketknife and shoved out from the face of the Thumb. In a few moments the tide had swung them well away from the rock and the fitful cascade from its lip. Meekins revived at this moment, and as the dog, whining with joy, sprang to him he reached out and encircled him with his good arm.

Six weeks later the mate of the Mercedes was able to leave. He had praised Bob many times for his skill and courage and had shown appreciation of the care he had received from Mrs. Cushman. As he walked down toward the station with Bob he more than hinted that there might be better things than lobstering for his young friend. At the turn in the road they stopped and shook hands, and Tom sat down near by and barked in a pleased way.

"You're a game one, Bob," Meekins declared, "and, as I've said before, I am glad you're the kind who will go to trouble to save—just a dog. It's lucky for me you are that kind. There's nothing I can do for you just now, but—"

"I don't want you to do anything, Mr. Meekins," said Bob.

"No, I know that," returned the other with a smile. "That's one of the good things about you. I—I might leave Tom with you."

"I'd like him," said Bob, who had become very fond of the bright little dog.

As if understanding, Tom came forward to Bob and rubbed against him.

"He's yours," said the mate of the Mercedes after a slight hesitation. "I'll see him when I come again. Tom, you stay with Bob. You hear!"

Tom heard. He cocked his head and stared at his master, steadfastly, unblinkingly.

With a last good-by to Bob, whom he was going to see again soon, Meekins walked down the road and out of sight round the bend.

Tom, squatting in the gravel path, looked at the turn of the road and then at Bob. Bewilderment was in his eyes. He rose, nervously rubbing against Bob. Then he went down the road—slowly. He stopped, sat down, looked back. Suddenly, he lifted his head and gave out a long, sorrowful yowl in the twilight. Bob stood without movement, without speaking. His eyes were moist. Tom ceased abruptly, rose and without a backward look trotted forward to the bend and round it, and was gone. After a time his joyous bark sounded in the distance.

Bob laughed shortly and, turning, went his way. He wanted Tom, but for some reason he was glad that the little terrier had not stayed.

THE OLD SQUIRE'S GREAT-GRANDSON

By C. A. Stephens



DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

"And you are Hilda Frederica?" Theodora asked

III. THEODORA'S PINK LETTER

THOSE two years, after Halstead had left us, had brought changes at the Old Squire's. Addison was now studying under Professor Agassiz at Cambridge, and Theodora was attending the final term of her two years' course at the Kent's Hill Seminary. Ellen and I were at home, for the time being, alone with the Old Squire and grandmother. Halstead, like little Wealthy, who had died, was coming to be merely a memory, a memory of failure and regret, fading from our daily lives.

Then one Thursday evening there came a letter for "Fedora" (for that was the way it was spelled), a letter in a queer pink envelope, addressed too in a hand that was peculiar. The postmark was not wholly distinct, but seemed to be "Neu," and then another word that looked like "Braunfels," followed by "Tex."

Grandmother's curiosity, or else a presentiment, overcame her proper scruples; she opened the letter. For a moment she seemed unable to speak. "This is about Halstead," she then said in a voice that trembled.

Ellen dropped her paper, and I jumped from my chair. The Old Squire too started up. "Is that letter from Halstead?" cried Ellen.

"It is about him, I'm sure, for I see Halstead's name in it," faltered grandmother. "I think a woman wrote it."

"But look at the signature," the Old Squire exclaimed.

"I can't make that out either," said grandmother.

"Do let me see!" Ellen exclaimed.

"Yes, child, see if you can read it," grandmother replied.

Ellen scanned the letter. "'Couzzin Fedora,'" she spelled out. "That is the way it begins, so it must be from some relative of ours." But the next words that she

deciphered seemed to contradict this surmise. "Neffar haf I seen you and am stranger. Harlstad haf neffer tell me only little. He neffer say what for he left his home. But often now I think it not right when you not hear for such long time."

"Dear me, dear me!" grandmother exclaimed. "Who is it that's writing this?" Ellen looked for the name at the end. "'Hilda Frederica.' Sounds like Dutch. Do you suppose she has thoughts of marrying Halstead?"

"Poor Halstead," grandmother sighed. "I imagine it is quite likely to be 'poor' Hilda Frederica," said I—and the Old Squire smiled.

"She is writing to us because she thinks we ought to hear from him," he said. "That sounds as if she had a good heart. But go on!"

Ellen resumed, but what followed puzzled us completely.

"You know Harlstad not haf the mind that stand in the same place very still. Tomorrow he not be like today. Yesterday he go one way fast, today not the same mind."

"No doubt that is Halstead!" I exclaimed.

"So I haf often to change my thought quick, what to do next. Soon he dislike some work and haf no patience. So I say, 'Harlstad, you go on far ride, ober long roads for some orders, and I keep on the work cutting the letters with my chizzel alone.'"

"Now what can that mean?" Ellen stopped to ask. "'Chizzel,' letters?"

We had to give it up.

"Next week he come back with the good heart and robb the stones hard!"

"Robb the stones hard! What on earth can that mean?" grandmother exclaimed.

Ellen spelled it over again; but we could make nothing of it.

"So we live that time, and next week I say, 'Harlstad, you go to San Antonio and haul the stones, that haf come from Vermont.' "Vermont! Stones from Vermont!" cried the Old Squire. "What can she mean?"

"Harlstad go very lame with the cane. Often he not very strong for work. When first him I saw, I think him *lodi*, he haf fall so deep. But my modder and I feed him and nurse him to some more strength. Long time he haf no heart. Then my modder say, 'Harlstad, I gif you money to go home.' But he say, 'Never shall I go home.' So I haf gewritten at last, when Harlstad not see me; but I not know what you may feel to me, or whether I do right."

"And that is all," added Ellen, drawing a long breath. "All but the name, 'Hilda Frederica Hauschild,' at the bottom."

By this time the Old Squire was silently walking the floor. "Whoever she is, that is the letter of a good girl," said he.

"But I cannot understand it," exclaimed grandmother, wiping her eyes. "How came he to be so sick and lame?"

The Old Squire was still walking the floor. "I hardly know what we ought to do," he said. "Halstead is now nearly twenty-two."

"Oh, but I should like to see him again!" Ellen cried suddenly.

"So should I," grandmother added fervently. "He had as tender a heart as ever a boy had!"

"What will Doad say?" Ellen queried.

"This is her letter, too."

"And what will Addison say?" I exclaimed. "We must let him know."

A family council was clearly in order. Accordingly a letter was sent the next morning to Addison, bidding him come home over Sunday; and, as it was but thirty-three miles from the old farm to the Kent's Hill Seminary, I drove over to get Theodora the following afternoon.

She was surprised to see me. "Is anything wrong at home?" were her first words. "But I guess not by the looks of your face," she added.

"No!" I cried. "But we've heard news! You can't guess from whom!"

She looked at me strangely, her face changing color. "Not from Halstead?" she asked, suddenly divining it.

"Yes, from Halstead!" I shouted.

Theodora turned quite pale. "Good news or bad?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, he is alive," I replied. "And well, I think."

Theodora's face was a study. "Did he write to tell us that?" she asked.

"No, he didn't write," said I. "But 'Hilda Frederica' did. She is our new 'couzzin,' or going to be, Ellen thinks. It all came in a pink letter and, by the way, it is your pink letter, but grandmother opened it. Here it is."

Theodora pounced on the letter and was still reading it and puzzling over some of the sentences all the way home the next forenoon.

During the following week Theodora wrote a long, cordial letter in reply, sending kind regards to Halstead, with no reference whatever to the past. For lack of a more definite address, the letter was directed to "Neu Braunfels." It came back a month later from the dead-letter office in Washington, stamped "unclaimed."

Several months passed. Addison meanwhile had gone from Cambridge to Yale University. Theodora too had finished her course at the Seminary and was considering whether or not to accept a position as teacher in a proposed new school for Indian girls, far out in what was still Dakota Territory. And then another pink letter came.

This time it was grandmother's pink letter, instead of Theodora's, and it was postmarked San Marcos, Texas, instead of Neu Braunfels. On being opened, however, it was found to contain merely a photograph of Halstead. Evidently it had been sent by the kind and constant "Hilda Frederica," who had received no answer to her former letter to us. This last missive wrought deeply on grandmother's feelings again, as well as Theodora's, and set the Old Squire—who had not been very well that spring—earnestly pondering how we could best recover our lost kinsman.

Theodora and he were also having many long talks together concerning the Indian school, whether it was best for her to go so far from home into a new country. The work of educating Indian girls in the Northwest had from the first appealed very strongly to Theodora. The great distance from home and the privations and hardships certain to attend the effort led us all to dissuade her; but she held to her purpose.

That spring I was trying—with many small worries—to manage the old farm alone and did not know all that was planned in the house. One day the Old Squire joined me out in the east field and after looking round awhile said, "I have been disgracefully lazy this season. Everything has been put on your shoulders, and you've done finely. But my conscience begins to prick me a little; I am going to take hold again and give you a breathing spell."

"Theodora is going to leave us," he continued rather sadly. "I hardly know how we shall get on without her; but she thinks it is her duty to go. We have been talking it over for some time. I don't like to have her take such a journey alone, so I want you to go with her; and I want you both to go round, by the southern route, through Texas, and see Halstead, if you can find him, and see what we ought to do for him."

"We did pretty well with our lumber last winter, you know," the Old Squire added. "So I guess we can afford it. I want you both to see Halstead and learn what he is doing and with whom he is living. I will take hold again while you are gone, and if I find I cannot manage I will write to you for advice." His eyes twinkled.

Of course I was glad enough to have a fine long trip out into the great world, though I had no very strong desire to see Halstead. Small-minded as it sounds, I had never quite got over those disagreements of our boyhood. But if the head of the family said go, and provided the funds for the trip, I was more than willing to set off; and set off we did four days later, the Old Squire intrusting the sum of three hundred dollars to us, in addition to expenses, to be used in Halstead's behalf, if we deemed it advisable. If we found him an invalid, I was to fetch him home.

It was the first time that either Theodora or I had been farther south than Phila-

delphia. We spent one day in Washington, half a day at Richmond, thence journeyed on southward to New Orleans, where we spent another day, sight-seeing, and finally reached San Antonio, Texas, eleven days from home. From San Antonio we went by the mail stage up to the pretty German town of Neu Braunfels, and there the quest for Halstead began. The signature to Theodora's pink letter had been merely Hilda Frederica Hauschild, and we had been unable to guess as to her vocation. Yet somewhere at or between Neu Braunfels and San Marcos we hoped to find her.

At Neu Braunfels we inquired in vain and at San Marcos were equally unsuccessful. There were Hildas and Fredericas by the dozen; but none of them proved to be the one we sought. We first made sure that the Hauschilds did not reside in the place, and then, during the next two days, we drove out along the roads, leading into San Marcos making inquiries as we went.

About eleven o'clock of the second day we passed a small church with a spire, and near it the house of a colored family. Here a little black pig by the wayside set our mustang horse on the jump. I had him well in hand, but let him run for a bit along the level road, Theodora holding on and laughing.

While thus in full career, we came to a pretty white cottage among peach and plum trees, the low veranda in front overrun by a crimson-rambler rose; and on the portico, right under the drooping festoons of roses, stood a fair, middle-aged woman in a blue gown. I didn't notice her myself, being fully occupied with our riotous nag; but Theodora saw her, and some intuition prompted her to cry, "Pull up! Pull up! I do believe this is the place!"

I brought the runaway to a standstill; almost before we came to a halt Theodora was out and hastening back to the cottage. When I reached it, after hitching to a wayside tree, she was at the cottage steps, where a much younger woman had appeared, little more than a girl, indeed, with fresh prepossessing face and abundant flaxen hair. In her hand was an odd little mallet; and she too had on a blue frock, protected by a great white apron.

"Do pardon me," Theodora was saying as I approached, "but is your name Haus-

child, and is there a young man here you call Halstead?"

"Ja," the elder woman said, smiling; but the girl in the door behind her suddenly dropped the little mallet, and her blue eyes opened wide.

"We are his cousins from Maine," Theodora began to explain, but had scarcely spoken when the younger woman cried, "Oh, it is that you are Federal! I knew you as soon as you I saw!"

"And you are Hilda Frederica?" Theodora asked.

"Yes, yes," and then the two grasped each other's hands and after a look in each other's eyes, kissed quite as if they had been long-parted friends, instead of strangers who hardly knew each other's names!

The elder woman's greeting was scarcely less cordial than her daughter's; and then Theodora introduced me as another cousin from Maine.

"And Halstead?" we both asked. "Is he here?"

"He haf drive to San Marcos this day," Hilda Frederica replied. "He will return by early the afternoon."

They pressed us to remain, so heartily, so much as a matter of course, that we were glad to do so; nor shall I soon forget the gentle, unaffected kindness of those newly made friends. They made their pretty little cottage so wholly free to us that cousin Theodora and I felt at home in it from the first moment we entered the door.

Afterwards they showed us Hilda Frederica's workroom and the tools of her craft, along with a specimen of her recent work, and some new slabs of Parian marble that had lately come from overseas. It was our first understanding of what the quaint word "stones" meant, as used in her letter to Theodora.

Quite as a matter of course, the mother of Hilda set lunch for us under the shaded porch, overhung by that wonderful crimson-rambler rose; and then, as we "broke bread together" for the first time, she and her daughter told us about Halstead and how he was first brought to their cottage after his fall from the church steeple; also of his lameness. Of the care they had been obliged to give him and other trouble he had made, they said little, Hilda merely remarking gently that "Harlstad haf the mind that

change soon. But he haf the goot heart, at sometimes," she continued with an honesty that made me laugh, while Theodora blushed. "And now he do much the better," she added.

As it came time for Halstead to return from San Marcos, Hilda and Theodora planned a surprise for him by having us sit out of sight in the "stones room" till after he entered the house.

Presently we saw him approaching and, peeping from the window, had a good view of him as he drove past the cottage to the little barn in the back yard. He had changed considerably and had now a faint little black mustache that emphasized his dark complexion and black hair. Much as he had suffered too, he had grown handsome.

Ere long he came in, walking with his cane. "Whose little white-eyed pony and buggy is that in our barn?" were his first words—and how familiar his voice sounded!

Hilda laughed. "Neffar could you guess whose!" she replied.

"Who's here?" he cried, after a moment's silence.

Without replying Hilda brought him to the "stones room," where Theodora and I stood just inside the open door. He saw us then and started violently.

"O Halstead, I am so glad to see you again!" exclaimed Theodora and, rushing forward, grasped his hand while I chimed in with, "How d'ye do, Halse? I'm glad to see you!"

He turned very red, staring first at one then at the other of us. "Where—where did you come from?" he cried, quite roughly, then as suddenly broke down and, dropping into a chair, put both hands to his face and sobbed convulsively.

Theodora sought to calm him, but it nettled me, as it always had, to see him behave so weakly. Hilda, however, had flown instantly to his side, with a piteous glance; and something in the gentle hand she laid on his shoulder made me think of what Ellen had said, at home, when she had first read that pink letter. Theodora glanced at me eloquently. The same thought, I fancy, had come to us both, that honest little Hilda's affection might do more for our errant cousin than all the efforts of our family at home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WEAKEST LINK

By Ann Skinner

JANE GALWAY was the stupidest nurse in Brandon Hospital; nobody knew it so well or half so well as she herself, yet it did give her rather a shock to go by an open door one day and hear Madge Henderson proclaiming the fact for anyone who might chance to hear.

"The stupidest and most unpromising girl we have," said Madge.

Madge was only a junior nurse herself, but she had been in the hospital three months longer than Jane, and she had besides a degree from a well-known college. She made brilliant recitations and was always saying funny things that the other girls laughed at.

Jane would have given anything to be more like Madge, but there was no use trying. She was so slow that it seemed to take her forever to do the simplest things; true, she was thorough, but that only added to the slowness.

On the very same day that Madge's opinion of her had been so unceremoniously conveyed Dr. Brooks, the house physician, refused to let her help do a dressing because she was clumsy and sent her from the floor in tears. It was on that same day that Miss Peck, the superintendent of nurses, had commended her, saying that not a girl in the hospital could make a bed or clean a bathroom so thoroughly as she did, but somehow it was the unpleasant things that lingered in her mind and drove out the pleasant.

At luncheon that day she was acutely conscious of her difference from the other girls. They joked and laughed at one another's jokes. They were a jolly, friendly set, in the main, and Jane wanted desperately to be with them, to be on the same side of the

fence, to laugh when they did. In spite of the unhappiness and discouragement within, she tried. But somehow by the time she had studied out in her own mind what they were laughing at they had all finished and she was left alone on the wrong side of the fence again. It was a very sad place to be, and all of a sudden it grew sadder and more forlorn. To her consternation Jane realized that the other girls had begun to watch her painful efforts to catch up with the fitful flow of their merriment and were laughing now at her.

It was too much. After luncheon she slipped away to her own room and thought. Half an hour later there was a knock on her door. Jane did not answer immediately, but when she did Martha Cary entered the room. Martha was a senior nurse, level-headed, fair-minded, trusted by her superiors and looked up to by the younger girls.

"Miss Peck sent me to tell you," began Martha, and then paused in astonishment. "Why, what on earth are you doing, Jane?"

"Packing," answered Jane stolidly, looking up from the floor, where she sat beside a bag and a litter of clothes. "I'm going home."

"Is anyone of your family sick, Jane?" "No, nobody is sick, and I haven't been sent away, and I'm not homesick, and I haven't any real home anyway; but I'm going and never, never coming back."

Jane's rather unprepossessing features were lumpy and swollen from crying, and she bit her lip hard to prevent herself from giving way again.

"You poor child!" cried Martha, coming nearer and putting an arm about her. "Something must be the matter. Tell me what it is."

Martha's kindness was too much for Jane. She burst into sobs all over again. "I hate it here, Martha! I'm stupid and unpromising. I'll never learn to be a good nurse—and everybody laughs at me!"

Martha felt a sudden rush of remorse and shame for what she had, as a matter of fact, very little share in; could the harmless laughter of a group of girls have produced such an effect on one of their number? She soothed and comforted Jane, but wisely she did not approach for the moment the question of Jane's departure.

"I almost forgot," she said, "what Miss Peck sent me for."

Jane bit her lip. Another reproof! Well, she would soon be beyond all that.

"She wants you to take charge of the service in the nursery tonight."

Jane's little eyes grew round, and her jaw dropped.

"Madge Henderson is to be your junior."

"Madge Henderson! But she's been in the hospital three months longer than I have, and—"

"Those were Miss Peck's orders," said Martha quietly. "Shall I tell her you are going away and cannot take them?"

Jane's eyes grew rounder still. She seemed terror-stricken at the idea. "Oh, no!" she cried.

As Jane Galway came on duty in the nursery at seven o'clock that night she was happier than she had ever been in the whole of her previous life. She felt keenly the honor of being put into so responsible a position; it was the first time in her life that anyone had shown real appreciation of the faithful work she always had done. Aside from that Jane had basked all day in the friendly atmosphere that had gradually surrounded her, as one girl after another was told of her

attempted flight of the night before and of the reasons that led up to it. Helen Jackson, one of the girls who had laughed hardest that noon, waved her hand and smiled in congratulation as she passed the nursery door. Only Madge Henderson had retained her air of cool indifference. But Jane had found friends where she thought herself friendless, appreciation where she had looked for censure or neglect. So she pretended not to notice Madge's contemptuous manner as she quietly apportioned their tasks for the night and took a survey of the babies.

"What funny little tots they are," mused Jane, deftly turning on its side a squirming bundle in one of the baskets that had just wrinkled its face and opened its mouth for a loud outcry. "Tired of staying in one position, weren't you?" she murmured, giving the now quiet bundle a soothing little pat.

"Miss Peck says it takes brains for a nurse to keep a quiet nursery. But it doesn't. When a baby starts to cry all I do is to say to myself: 'Suppose I were a baby wrapped up in a blanket in that basket, what should I be likely to cry for just at this time?' That almost always works. It doesn't take brains; it's just common sense."

A fussy little wail from the basket marked "No. 14, John Benjamin," next drew her attention. Jane walked over to the corner in which the basket was placed and looked down into the distressed little face of its occupant.

"Yes, I know, John Benjamin, that you have a pain. You almost always have a pain. But that is not your fault, nor mine. If you were not a bottle-fed baby, you would be happy and contented, like your neighbor, Dorothy Dutton."

Dorothy looked placidly up into the face brooding over her, as if she knew her name had been called. Dorothy was the prize baby of the nursery. Her father had been in Europe for six months. Every nurse had tried to show some little kindness to little Mrs. Dutton, who was so plucky in her husband's absence. Dorothy was such an adorable little morsel of humanity with her round pink face and downy yellow hair that she had endeared herself to everyone in the nursery.

For the first two feeding times Jane sent Madge with the babies to their mothers while she took care of the bottle-fed babies. At the third feeding time, however, she reversed this procedure. As she left the room with the last baby to be carried to its mother, she glanced back to be sure Madge had all the utensils at hand for warming the milk for the bottle-fed babies. Everything was in its place.

Half an hour later she returned, and as she had two babies in her arms she opened the door from the corridor with a little difficulty. The nursery was connected with the main corridor by means of a long narrow passageway. By closing both doors to this passageway all sound from the nursery could be shut off from the other wards on the floor. As Jane opened the first door leading into the passageway, and then closed it after her, she thought she detected a slight smoky odor. As she approached the door leading directly into the nursery, the smell became stronger. Quickly she threw open the nursery door. The volume of smoke that rolled in her face almost choked her; her eyes filled with tears.

In the distant corner of the room sat Madge fast asleep. Her back was toward the smoldering fire that had started from a poor connection in the electric heater, and that was creeping slowly toward the long tables on which were ranged the baskets with their precious contents.

"Madge! Madge Henderson!" called Jane sharply.

Madge opened startled eyes. "Fire!" she screamed and sprang for the door.

"Be still! Don't frighten everyone in the hospital. We can put that blaze out easily enough after the baskets are once out of the way. Take out that basket nearest the blaze."

Instinctively Madge started to obey the quiet tone of command, then all at once she turned and sprang again for the door. "We shall all be burned to death like rats in a trap. I am going for Mike Batters," she shouted. As she spoke, she gave Jane a quick shove away from the door in front of which Jane was standing. The unexpected blow loosened Jane's hold on the baby nearest Madge. It fell to the floor with a thud. Madge paid no attention to the screaming, choking little bundle, but dashed madly through the passageway into the corridor beyond.

The few moments of delay and the opening of the door had given the flames a little added life. The babies were all coughing or making little gasping sounds. It was too late now to try to move the babies in their baskets. The smoke stung Jane's eyes so that the tears streamed down her face. She laid the other baby in her arms down on the rug beside the one she had dropped; then she snatched each little bundle in turn from its basket, threw a corner of its blanket over each face and laid it beside the first two. When the last had been deposited on the long narrow rug, she caught one end of the rug with a firm grasp and hauled it gently, load and all, through the passageway and out into the adjoining corridor.

Fortunately all the doors to the wards were closed. There was no one in sight. Jane threw open a window to clear the air of the corridor from smoke, wrapped her head in a towel wet at the faucet in a service room and started back for the nursery.

The mate to the rug on which she had dragged out the babies lay in front of the table on which the blaze had started. Jane threw this rug over the blaze, crawled over to a window and opened it to let out the smoke. Now that the fire was covered, she knew the air could not fan the blaze. Then



DRAWN BY EMLEN M'CONNELL

The unexpected blow loosened Jane's hold on the baby

she snapped off the electric connection from the whole room, felt her way out in the darkness and emerged once more into the corridor outside.

There was still no one in sight. The smell of smoke had left the air. The babies for the most part lay as contentedly as in their own little baskets. Only little Dorothy Dutton, the baby who had been dropped, emitted every few minutes a little moaning cry. Jane took from her own head the smoke-filled towel and began to bathe her hot face and streaming eyes in the cool water of the bowl in the bathroom. But where was Mike Batters? He should be on hand by this time. The rug had apparently smothered the fire, but Jane knew there must be a more thorough investigation in the near future. She rang the bell for the ward nurse. In a moment she heard the elevator leave the floor below, then Helen Jackson stepped out into the corridor.

"What in the world—" began Helen as she saw the babies lying in a row on the floor and Jane standing over them with swollen eyes and tousled hair. Jane laid a finger on her lips.

"Don't make a noise," she said in a low tone. "We have had a fire in the nursery. Madge Henderson went to find Mike Batters, but he hasn't appeared. Will you go look for him? I threw a rug over the blaze, so things can wait a little, but not too long."

"I'll look him up and come right back," promised Helen, stepping back into the elevator.

Jane stooped and picked up the little wailing Dorothy Dutton. Her usually pink face was pallid. There was a bluish ring about the tiny, rosebud mouth. The tears started afresh from Jane's eyes as, seated in a low chair in the bathroom, she started to undress the little figure.

"Whatever shall we do if we lose this baby?" muttered Jane, "and how shall we explain it all to Mrs. Dutton? I am going to put this baby into a warm bath. We have been told that that can do no harm to any baby."

Quickly and deftly Jane prepared and tested the bath. Then she immersed little Dorothy in the warm water up to her chin, supporting the tiny head in the palm of the hand. As she did so she was rewarded by seeing the color begin to creep into the little white lips and the arms and legs cease their convulsive twitches. Jane kept the baby immersed in the bath for ten minutes and had just taken her out and wrapped her in a soft blanket when she heard the elevator stop. In a moment Dr. Brooks appeared at the door, closely followed by Helen Jackson.

"Why are these babies left lying on this rug on the floor?" asked Dr. Brooks in a displeased tone.

Jane sat speechless with Dorothy rolled in a blanket across her knees.

"Miss Galway wanted to be sure the fire was smothered before taking them back to the nursery," explained Helen.

Dr. Brooks went into the nursery and returned immediately.

"Whatever fire there was is out," he said shortly. "I have closed the windows so that the air can be properly warmed for the babies."

"Shall I take the babies back?" asked Jane. She was inexpressibly relieved to know that danger was over. Her tone was cheerful. To Dr. Brooks it sounded flippant.

"I should think it might be a very good plan," he said sarcastically. "I must confess I fail to understand your attitude, Miss Galway. Miss Henderson tells me you refused to allow her to leave the room to give the alarm, although the fire had made dangerous headway? Is this true?"

"Yes," replied Jane. Her voice sounded as her face looked, stolid, indifferent.

Dr. Brooks showed increasing exasperation. "And may I ask if it is true also that you dropped one of the babies on the floor in your excitement?"

"Yes, I dropped Dorothy Dutton," replied Jane dully.

"Yet you did not offer to give me any of these facts until I asked for them. Have you any explanation to offer?"

"No," replied Jane. There was anger in her tone at last. The injustice of this undeserved attack had touched the spark to her slow rising indignation.

"Very well, Miss Galway, then you may consider yourself excused from further duty in the nursery. Kindly return to your own room and remain there."

"Give me the baby," whispered Helen Jackson, horrified at the turn affairs had taken. Jane laid the baby, now in a quiet sleep, in Helen's arms and walked away, without a word.

"Miss Jackson, you and Miss Henderson may finish the night service in the nursery," said Dr. Brooks. Then he too walked out of sight.

Helen began to pick up the babies and return them to their baskets. "I don't care what anyone says," she muttered to herself. "I don't believe Jane Galway acted in any such fashion as Dr. Brooks seemed bound to prove. Why didn't he give Jane a chance to tell what really did happen? Nasty little beast!"

At that moment Madge Henderson came into the nursery.

"Where is Miss Galway?" asked Madge, surprised at seeing Helen in Jane's place.

"Dr. Brooks sent her to her room for interfering with you when you tried to give the fire alarm and for carelessness in dropping one of the babies on the floor." Helen watched Madge closely as she volunteered this information. Madge colored and avoided Helen's eyes. Helen continued to look from Madge round the disorderly looking nursery. "Did you throw that rug over the fire?" she asked at last.

"No, I went out to look for Mike Batters."

"Did you open the windows?"

"Certainly not. That would only fan the breeze."

"Humph; not if you smothered the blaze with a rug first. Who switched off the electric current?"

Madge Henderson swung around and faced Helen. "Really I don't care to discuss the question with you any further, Miss Jackson."

In the meantime Jane had returned to her room, where her bag, half unpacked, still lay on the floor. "Too bad I didn't get away when I started," she muttered. "I can't leave now till I've faced this disgrace." But could she live it down? She knew Miss Peck would institute a thorough investigation, and she had faith in her sense of justice; but after all it was only her word against Madge Henderson's. She undressed and crawled into bed.

At half-past seven the next morning there was a knock on her door. Martha Cary came in with a breakfast tray. Her eyes were shining. "Miss Peck wants to see you in her office as soon as you have finished this."

As they reached Miss Peck's office Martha drew back, allowing Jane to enter first. Miss Peck greeted Jane with a smile and a quiet "Good morning" and continued writing at her desk. Very soon several nurses came streaming into the office. Madge Henderson entered last, looking white and woebegone. Miss Peck rose from her chair and faced the little group. Her manner was serious, her voice a trifle stern.

"I have called together all of you nurses who were on duty last night because two or three things happened from which we can all learn a very valuable lesson. As you probably have heard, a fire started in the nursery last night sometime about midnight. I found by inquiry—Miss Peck glanced at Madge Henderson, who was gazing steadfastly out of the window—"that Miss Galway was out of the room at the time the fire started. Since Miss Galway had gone with the babies to their mothers, she must have been out of the room approximately half an hour. Evidently it was on Miss Galway's return that the fire was discovered; otherwise Miss Henderson would have given the alarm before it had gained such headway. Since Miss Henderson made no move to give this alarm, it follows that she must have been unconscious of the presence of fire in the nursery till Miss Galway called it to her attention. In other words, Miss Henderson had fallen asleep at her post."

Madge Henderson sniffed audibly. One could have heard a pin drop. Miss Peck resumed talking in the same quiet, serious way.

"For a nurse to fall asleep when on night duty is a serious matter. It may be fraught with grave consequences to herself and to everyone in the hospital. It seemed like a small thing for the nurse on duty in the nursery last night to catch a few winks of sleep, since all her little charges were themselves quiet or sleeping. Yet see what nearly resulted from that one little breach of faith. I call it a breach of faith, because when a girl accepts night duty she makes a tacit contract with the hospital authorities on the one hand and with the patients on the other to protect those sick and helpless people who have trusted her, even to the point of sacrificing her own life, should such sacrifice be necessary. One weak link in this chain of safety and protection that night and day we nurses and doctors try to throw about the patients in this hospital may spell disaster for everyone concerned. We all know that

any chain is only as strong as its weakest link."

The girls tried not to look too hard at poor Madge Henderson, who was making ineffectual efforts to control her sobs. Miss Peck alone seemed oblivious of them.

"The second point that I wish to make," continued Miss Peck, "is that in any emergency it is the duty of the junior to accept orders from her superior, even if she considers such superior to be using bad judgment. Otherwise the nurses are working

at cross-purposes, as was the case last night. When Miss Galway discovered the fire, she decided that there was time, if both nurses worked together, to take out the babies still in their baskets. That would have been safest for the babies. Miss Henderson did not agree with the decision of her superior and insisted on following her own judgment in the matter. Now a careful examination of the extent to which the fire had burned on the table, and the amount of damage done to the rug that smothered the

blaze, proved that Miss Galway's judgment was the better. But even if that had not been true, it would still have been Miss Henderson's duty to obey the orders of her superior."

"I wish she wouldn't talk any more about it!" thought kind-hearted Jane.

"Miss Henderson has already expressed her contrition for the part she played. She wishes also to take this occasion to apologize to her superior, Miss Galway."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Jane, running to

Madge with outstretched hands. "There's no need to apologize."

"But I do apologize," said Madge brokenly.

"Here is something for you, Miss Galway," said Miss Peck smiling.

Jane opened the box, sniffed the roses inside and read upon a card: "With the thanks of Mrs. Dutton, for saving little Dorothy's life."

It was too much for Jane. But, oh, how different the tears felt now!

THE REHEARSAL CLUB

By Frances Lester Warner

"HAD you heard that Helen Huntington has just come home for a year, now that her concert tour is over?" The news circulated instantly round the little group on the veranda. "She is going to let her sister have a vacation in Europe. Won't it be wonderful to have that beautiful violin music in town for a whole year? Keeping her father from being lonely won't take all Helen's time."

"No," remarked one of the older girls in the group, "but you may depend upon it that we won't hear any of her violin playing in this tiny town. Remember when Marie Felton came home from her course in the Conservatory, and we hoped she would play with that amateur orchestra we had in those days? Weren't we innocent and trusting when we invited her? She wouldn't even play for her father when he asked her to, evenings."

"I wish we had kept up that orchestra of ours after high-school days," said a quiet girl from her post at the tea table. "Of course we're fearfully out of practice now, but have you met that new Mrs. Prescott who has just come to town? She said the other day that she did wish there could be some incentive here for her to keep up her cello music. She hasn't had a soul to practice with, or even to play her accompaniments, since she came here. If we could only get her to join us with her cello, we could start a real ensemble, if we only had a good leading first violin."

"If we only had some players we could have a string quartette if we only had some strings," murmured another girl who was passing sandwiches. "I haven't taken my fiddle out of its box for an age. It's too bad we've all dropped our music, because there really are possibilities in this town. The new assistant manager in my father's office used to play viola in the orchestra at Princeton. But he hasn't even brought his instrument with him. He expected this town to be dead, and I guess he wasn't disappointed."

"I know," contributed the hostess; "there isn't a thing in town to keep the boys here except the mills. Tom Aldrich is so discontented that he's considering giving up his good position and striking out for somewhere else—anywhere, he said. Remember how he used to travel with his college glee club? He was only second violin, but he was as faithful as the sun; and since he took his job with the electric company here he has forgotten that he ever did play anything more complicated than his radio."

"Well," sighed the girl at the tea table,

DRAWN BY
ROY HILTON



The instruments were tuned . . . and the evening's work began

"I suppose this year would be a bad time to start anything. With a professional player like Helen in town, not one of us would have the courage to squeak. Don't you remember how our old orchestra died a sudden death because of Marie Felton's criticisms?"

"But Helen isn't like Marie," protested the fair-minded hostess. "We mustn't judge all trained musicians by Marie. Don't you remember it was old Professor Ranier who got us all wild about music and came out that long trip from the city every week so that we could take lessons of him?"

"But he was a teacher," remarked the skeptic. "That made the difference."

"Well," said the hostess, "Helen's sister told me that she is going to ask us all over to a garden party as a welcome-home for Helen. She said she thinks Helen will play for us."

"She thinks Helen will." The girl who once played the piano for the orchestra rose and folded up her work. "But I shall be very much surprised if Helen does."

But when the time came, Helen did. When the gay party was almost over, and the shadows of the poplar trees began to lengthen out over the lawn, Helen ran into the house and came out with an armful of new music.

"I've been working on some new things," she said. "Don't you want to see some of the scores? Most of it is fresh from the publishers. You choose some that you're interested in, and I'll play snatches that give the idea."

Joyfully the girls pounced on the crisp sheets of music. Half a dozen choices were

soon competing for honors, and the garden-party guests flocked eagerly into the music-room, where Helen's sister was already at the piano, sounding "A." Then, one after another, favorite compositions were called for, and the most characteristic passages played from each. One or two of the most beautiful things were played from beginning to end, but most of them were swiftly commented on, suggested, condensed. Helen was obviously not giving a concert, but looking over new music with her friends.

"What ever became of that orchestra you used to have?" she asked suddenly.

"Orchestra died," explained the pianist concisely.

"What of?" inquired Helen, softly plucking chords on her strings as if the violin were a guitar.

"It froze," laughed one of the girls, half-hidden behind a heap of music she was still exploring.

"Well," ventured Helen, "when sister goes to Europe I shall be dependent on your charity for somebody to play with. I suppose you're all too busy to form a musical club?"

"But you don't know how rusty we are!" Delightful as the idea was, the girls hesitated.

"If you're out of practice," said Helen tersely, "then practice! My father would be delighted if we could meet here and rehearse once a week. He loves experimental music, and young company, above everything in the world."

"Mrs. Prescott would be our cello,"

suggested some one.

"Oh, yes," agreed Helen. "And let's collect some of this undiscovered talent that my father tells me is running round loose among the young scientific workers in this town. Let's make every new club member pass a test for playing on the key! I was in a big informal orchestra once that had to disband because we had a clarinet who always flatted about three quarters of a tone. The rest of us hardly dared to draw a full bow for fear we'd flat, too. What shall we name the club?"

"There are eight of us," said some one, "counting Mrs. Prescott and Tom Aldrich and his friend, if they join. Let's call it the Octave Club."

"But we shall have more members all the time. Musical people are always moving into town. We might call ourselves the Crescendo Club."

"Oh, no, for then we might diminish!" objected the pianist. "Let's call ourselves the Clef Club, and read lots of new music."

"We might be the Encore Club!" suggested an ambitious soul. "Or the Metro-nome Society perhaps."

"Let's limit the membership to sixteen and be the Four-Four Club," begged another.

"How about the Rehearsal Club?" asked the pianist. "That would remind us to attend every rehearsal, and it sounds businesslike."

And so the Rehearsal Club, now the most delightful institution in that town, was founded and named. Every Thursday evening (when the Huntington cook was taking her "night out") the members of the club would gather after business hours, each bringing some contribution to the supper, and under his other arm his instrument and music stand. Then, with electric grill and chafing-dish and fireplace cooking, the supper was gayly served, the girls taking turns as cooks and the men as butlers every week. Colonel Huntington himself presided over the salad and directed the butlers at their toils. And then, after every trace of festivity had been cleared away, out came the music stands, and round went the score. The instruments were tuned, Colonel Huntington and Mr. Prescott and any chance escorts who had been allowed to come gathered round the fireplace, and the evening's work began.

It was amazing how readily the less expert players fell into line and grew in skill. Inspired by the weekly rehearsals, several of the members of the club began studying again. All the members "practiced their parts" between rehearsals, and little by little the united swing of pure tone that distinguishes an orchestra from a dismembered flock of unrelated players began to be clearly heard.

The selection and buying of new music next engaged the attention of the club. They had been using Helen's scores, but her orchestra material was limited, and some of it too difficult for the group as a whole.

"If we place a deposit with the dealers," said Helen, "they will send us a batch of music to select from. There's no way of being sure of new music unless you try it."

"Shall we take turns buying music," asked the pianist, "or shall we have dues?"

"Let's have a pool for the regular music," suggested Tom Aldrich, "until we see how much we're going to need to spend. And then, if anyone hears of a selection that he particularly likes, he could make a present of it, as an extra, to the club."

Everyone laughed at this, for it was well known that Tom, with his clever draftsman's pens and ruler, was busily writing off by hand the complete orchestration of his favorite, Londonderry Air, and of his second favorite, I Hear You Calling Me. Nobody in the club had been allowed to see this hand-made music, but the secret had leaked out. Later, when Tom actually brought the music and handed round the parts, everybody gasped with admiration; and Helen promised to compose an Evening Song especially for the club and let Tom "publish" it for her. This he said he would do in his most elegant style. Two of the other men took up the fad, and before the winter was over the orchestra had a sheaf of exquisitely written manuscript music, in addition to the supply that they bought.

As time went on, the fame of their ensemble spread, and they were besieged with invitations to play in the surrounding towns.

"Shall we or shall we not become a wandering troupe?" demanded Helen. "I for one am tired of wandering, and I think it would be better to make this exclusively a community affair for the present, if you all agree."

"A chorus shouts 'Agreed!'" said the pianist. "But I have another question to bring up. I know two good players, a flute and a bass viol, from out of town, who are dying to join us. They have nothing like this in the city where they live, and they told me they'd gladly make the trip every Thursday if they might come to the rehearsals."

"If any man is willing to travel with a bass viol," laughed Helen, "I say we ought to let him come."

"Then shall I tell them to come along?" asked the pianist.

"Can they play on the key?" inquired Tom gravely. "A bass viol and a flute could knock us out pretty well if they tried."

"They said they wanted to pass the examination on that point, just like the rest of us," explained the pianist. "But they really are all right."

"Good enough," said Tom. "But no favoritism. I vote we make 'em give Helen their 'A' just as we all had to." This was a sore point with Tom, for he hated to tune.

As everybody expected, the new out-of-town members passed the test with flying colors. It was soon learned that the bass viol, an expert accountant, had sought and secured a position in their little town and was moving in, bag, baggage and bass viol, because, as he said, he was lonesome in the big city and wanted to live where something was going on.

"Think of it!" exclaimed Mr. Prescott to Colonel Huntington, one evening. "This awakening of musical interest is actually keeping our brightest young men here and attracting others. These little Thursday-night concerts are a charming thing for the whole town. That idea of yours about letting us drop in any time in the evening to listen and join the fun at the end is making a bright spot for a good many of us who never had a chance before to get acquainted with a congenial crowd."

Gradually this feature of the club brought still another attraction. The "listeners-in" were begged to contribute to the value of the evening by bringing now and then an item of musical information: a programme perhaps that one of them had heard in his vacation, which might contain suggestions for new choices in music to play; or perhaps a bit of musical biography; or news of some programme that was going to be worth hearing over the radio in the coming week. One of the regular escorts, who had once studied architecture abroad, gave a talk for ten minutes one evening on the great music halls in Europe and the principles involved in their plans. In this way, and in others, the club formed the starting-point for a varied exchange of entertainment and specialized information, the very existence of which had never been suspected in the town.

And one evening in the late autumn, after

a particularly good rehearsal, Morrison Gray made a new suggestion.

"Four of the men at the plant," said he, "sing rather well. They have had a male quartette themselves, down at the powerhouse in the evenings, for some time, and the organist at St. Stephen's has lent them all sorts of good music and plays with them at the church Saturday afternoons now and then. But they are awfully envious of this Rehearsal Club. Do you think favorably of taking in some singers as members of branch Rehearsal Clubs, and every six weeks or so having a joint meeting?"

"And at the end of the year a concert!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott.

"We could call the concert our open rehearsal," said Helen Huntington thoughtfully, "and make it a very friendly informal event. Couldn't we have several branch clubs? This male quartette would be one, and perhaps a mixed quartette or a ladies' triobesides? Other combinations would surely spring up as soon as people found out that branch clubs were being formed."

"There might even be a dramatic club!" suggested Colonel Huntington. "And I would join and play the part of angry parent every time."

"What would these clubs do about supper?" inquired the practical Mrs. Prescott. "You couldn't have the whole tribe here, Helen, for the joint meetings every six weeks."

"Well," said Helen when the laughter had subsided, "we could forego the feast on those evenings, perhaps, and all have supper before we came. Then each branch club might furnish one number on the evening's programme—something that they had been working on at their separate rehearsals."

At the end of the year, when Helen's sister came back from Europe, and Helen was packing her things to go away, the girls of the Rehearsal Club discussed what they should do, now that they were losing their beloved leading first violin.

"Betty Cumberland is by far the best of us," said one of the girls, "but of course even Betty needs brushing up before she can really lead."

"Yes, indeed, Betty does!" said that young lady herself, suddenly appearing around the corner of the porch, workbag in hand. "I just came over to tell you the most wonderful news. My uncle wants to help me with my musical education. He told me so last night when I was mourning because Helen's going away. He says Helen has changed his idea about musical training completely. He says he had always thought that my father had wasted all the money he ever spent on my music lessons because when I grew up I wouldn't play. And now he says he has changed his mind, and he has put an account into the bank for me, with enough in it to carry me through a special course in the Conservatory. He finds that I can arrange a schedule so that I can come home every week-end in time for the meetings of the Rehearsal Club. He made sure of that before he decided on the plan."

"But, oh, Betty," sighed one of the second violins, "maybe after you're in the Conservatory you won't want to play with us. Remember Marie Felton!"

"Remember Helen Huntington, you should say," exclaimed Betty. "This town is a different place since she came here. We're all different, and so well started that we'll stay different. Look at the way the young men and girls who are in town for business have made new friends and decided to stay! Look at the branch practice clubs, and the drama club. Look at the associated junior choirs. It isn't just music. It's a change in the whole slant and set of the town."

"I know it," said Mrs. Prescott thoughtfully. "You don't know how different the town does look to me since those days when nothing except movies and radio was going on. Think how we use the radio now, not to keep from being bored, but to see if we can pick up new ideas for the club! I really think we can keep it up. And Helen Huntington will never know that she caused it, because what she has done seemed as natural to her as the air she breathes. But I think the colonel knows it, and maybe he suggested the idea."

"Maybe he did," said Betty dreamily. "Had you heard that Tom Aldrich and our faithful pianist are engaged? They went over to tell Helen, the first thing. She has promised to play one solo and one thing with the Rehearsal Club at their wedding reception. Helen told them they were the most perfect match she ever heard of. And that, and all this new life in the community, is every bit owing to her."



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FACT AND COMMENT



IT TAKES LESS CLEVERNESS to deceive others than to keep from being deceived yourself.

As you seek for the Place
That you think the World owes,
Look the World in the Face,
But don't pull the World's Nose.

THE NAVY CASUALTY LIST in time of peace is almost as heavy as in time of war. The mariner cannot leave his familiar element to explore the depths of the sea and the heavens above without paying a heavy price.

A SIAMESE NAMED Llieusszuieuszezses Willihiminizzisteizzii Hurrizsissteizzii has been ordered deported as an undesirable alien by the Department of Labor. We should suppose the Siamese compositors—if they have printing offices in Siam—would be sorry to see this gentleman coming home again.

INCREASINGLY HEAVY TRAFFIC over all the roads of the country is necessitating the frequent reconstruction or replacement of bridges. The first consideration, which is economy, too often leaves no room for any other, and steel and concrete give us the requisite strength; but rarely with anything of beauty. In many parts of the country the abundance of natural field stone offers a building material low in cost, more durable than any other, and far more beautiful. To local engineers and highway commissioners in regions where stone is abundant we commend this opportunity to do something architecturally fine for their communities at no additional expense.

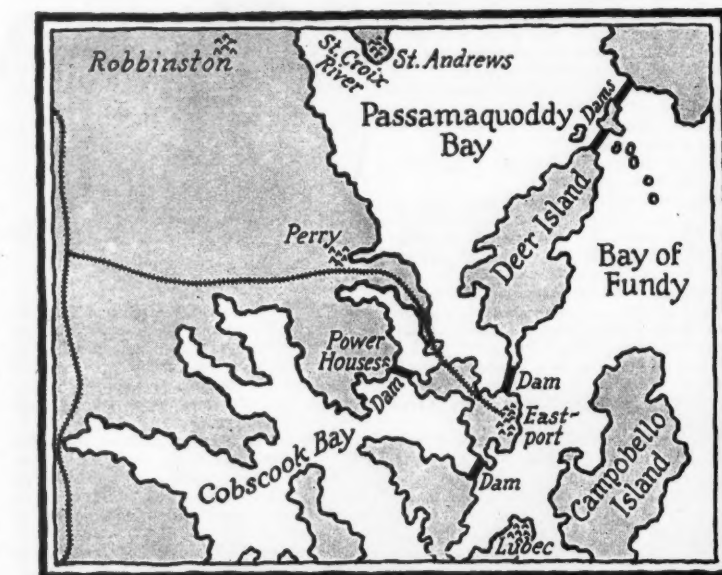
A NEW JERSEY MAN believes that he holds the world's record for the length of time anyone has kept one umbrella. He has had his for forty-five years, and has carried it with him more than six hundred thousand miles and in one hundred and ten different countries. It has probably never occurred to him that the time he has spent in looking after it would have bought him at least sixteen new ones. Besides, he doesn't hold the record. We know a man in Boston who has had the same umbrella for sixty years. The ribs are of whalebone, and it is so large and heavy that only a very strong man could steal it, and so homely that no one would want to.

CONCERNING COAL

COAL is a perennial subject of discussion. We are always worrying about the price of coal, or the prospect of having to go without coal, or the state of the coal industry, or the conduct of the people who mine coal and sell it to us. In England they are even more preoccupied with coal than we are. For coal is at the basis of all Great Britain's wealth and industrial prosperity, and if the coal trade languishes, as it does at present, there are hard times and, conceivably, disaster in store for the British Empire. Ours is of course an industrial and mechanical civilization. Such as it is, it depends on fuel, and coal is still the readiest and cheapest fuel at hand. Our comfort in our homes and our profits in business and for many of us our very livelihood depend on coal. Suppose the supply of coal were suddenly and irretrievably cut off; try, if you can, to imagine what sort of industrial and domestic chaos would result.

But the importance of coal is only a thing of yesterday in the history of mankind. A hundred and fifty years ago they were just beginning to use it freely in England. A hundred years ago we were still suspicious of it in the United States. The first coal mined in Virginia and Pennsylvania was a drug on the market. Few would buy it at all, and those who did reported that it was a failure as a fuel. People did not know how to burn it. It would not burn at all in the fireplaces made for wood; and the skeptics thought that was because it was nothing but a kind of stone anyway, which it was absurd to think of as inflammable. The use of grates had to be publicly demonstrated for years in Philadelphia before people could be convinced that coal would really burn.

In 1792 the Lehigh Coal Mine Company patented ten thousand acres near Mauch Chunk. Twenty-six years later they had made



A GIGANTIC TIDE MILL

EVER since men began to use power machinery they have dreamed of harnessing the prodigious energy of the ocean tides as they have harnessed the energy of falling streams. Some of the older readers of *The Companion* will remember a very popular story of forty years ago called *The Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill*—one of the best stories the late J. T. Trowbridge ever wrote. That story dealt with the efforts of two ingenious Yankee boys to make the tides work for them.

There is nothing intrinsically impractical in the dream, but it is a fact that none of the attempts that have been made to use the tides has been a practical success. That has sometimes been because the damming of the tideway has prevented the necessary amount of water from running up above the dam, or because the wrong kind of machinery has been used, or because the necessary idleness of the plant while the upper reservoir is filling has made the project uneconomical.

But away up in the northeastern corner of the country, where Maine adjoins the Canadian province of New Brunswick, there is a geographical arrangement of shore and water that offers an opportunity for securing steady and ample tidal power. A competent engineer, Mr. Dexter P. Cooper, has proposed a plan that looks thoroughly practical, and that, he says, will provide a steady flow of seven hundred thousand horse power, which is more than the amount of water power now developed on all the rivers and streams of Maine.

The tides in this region, which is adjacent to the famous Bay of Fundy, rise to extraordinary heights. In Passamaquoddy Bay, which lies between Maine and New Brunswick at the mouth of the St. Croix River, the rise is more than twenty feet. The entrances to this bay and the passage between it and Cobscook Bay, which lies to the south, wholly within the State of Maine,

so little headway that they were renting the land to the farmers for growing corn. As late as 1825 these promoters had less than a thousand dollars ready money and had the greatest difficulty to raise the additional capital to go on with the business.

But in the end the virtues and the value of coal were demonstrated so clearly that the doubters, one by one, were converted. Almost overnight the age of coal was born. Next to food it has become the prime essential of civilization. And so it will remain until we discover some cheaper and more efficient source of heat and power, or until our own special type of material civilization crumbles away. Anthracite will in time disappear, even if its exorbitant cost and the constant squabbles of its producers do not sooner destroy its market. Oil will serve for a time, especially for uses to which coal is not

are so much obstructed by islands that it is perfectly possible to build dams at no prohibitive cost that will shut off these bays completely from the ocean. The plan is to provide the dams at the entrances to Passamaquoddy Bay with valve gates that open only inward. The tide will then fill the bay twice a day, but the water can escape only to the southward into Cobscook Bay. At the entrance to Cobscook Bay the dams will be fitted with gates that open only outward, so that water can flow out of the bay whenever the tide ebbs, but can enter only from Passamaquoddy Bay. This arrangement will keep the level of the Passamaquoddy permanently higher by perhaps fifteen or twenty feet. Across the narrow channel that connects the two bays a dam will be built on which there will be a row of power houses, operating turbine water wheels with a continuous source of power from the higher level of Passamaquoddy Bay. The project if put into execution would cost perhaps \$75,000,000 and furnish twice as much power as the great Muscle Shoals dam.

The plan is apparently sound from an engineering standpoint, and the people of Maine have agreed by referendum to the incorporation of a company to carry it out. They have also voted to permit the company to export the power it produces from the state, since the only economical excuse for so costly a project would be the right to transmit power to other states or to Canada. There may have to be international negotiations, however, for the region involved is partly in the United States and partly in Canada. Finally, there is the money to be raised—a not inconsiderable sum. It is too early to be sure that the project will be successfully put into execution; but it is the most refreshing and hopeful scheme for making the tides work for mankind that has ever been suggested.

adapted. But unless our scientific men justify the dreams of those prophets who foresee the harnessing of the sun's heat directly to the service of mankind we shall go on indefinitely building our civilization on coal. The more reason, then, why the best brains we have should be set to finding a way of organizing and conducting, sanely and peaceably, an industry so essential, and so incapable apparently of managing itself intelligently.

SEEDLINGS

A MAN who was passing a vacant lot that had been used as a dump noticed one day a sturdy young apple tree that had evidently come up of itself. What soil there was round it seemed to be of the most un-

promising kind, made up of ashes, cinders, broken bricks, plaster, rusted tin cans, decayed wood, street sweepings and all the multiform detritus of a commonplace city neighborhood; but there must have been something good in it, for it supported a luxuriant growth of burdock, tansy, chicory and wormwood, and in the midst of them the young apple tree.

Without much effort the man pulled the tree up and took it home with him and set it out in his garden. In a year or two, when it had recovered from the shock of being transplanted, he grafted it, and it now repays him with the finest fruit that his little orchard bears. The sturdiness that first attracted him to it has made it prolific and has enriched the flavor of the highly cultivated variety with which it was grafted.

Nature is repeating that story all the time, and in human life as often as in the life of plants. A boy opens his eyes in surroundings that the world regards as almost hopeless. He has only the coarsest food and the cheapest clothing. His playthings, if he has any, are crude and homemade. He has access to but few books, and is put early to the school of disillusion and hard knocks. The people about him are ignorant and unimaginative. Work is his portion.

And yet out of that apparently barren soil you will see young trees springing that impress even the most careless observer with a sense of power, of sturdiness, of latent but unlimited capacity. Transplant them to conditions where their thirsty veins can drink at the stream of knowledge and aspiration and refinement, and they bear noble fruit.

It may be that nature prefers for her young things a soil not too carefully selected and screened and pulverized; that her way of building character and self-dependence into them is to let them extract some of their nutriment from the ashes and cinders and brickbats of life. At any rate, she does it.

SAYING GOOD-BY TO "ALBERT"

IS there still some trace of pagan mysticism and superstition left in even the most enlightened of us? If not, how shall we account for the attachments that we have for inanimate objects and our fondness for endowing them with feelings and attributes that really belong only to living things? Daniel Boone used to call his rifle "Old Betsy." McAndrew in Kipling's poem had an affection for his great marine engines like that of a father for his son, and even the most stolid of schoolboys will give a name to his double-runner and think a soul into it.

The motor car has given the universal tendency a wider scope than it has ever had before. "Albert," as you jokingly named your own little machine the day you first drove it home, has not only kept the name but has created a personality for himself that has made him one of the family. Was it a pleasant experience when, last week, after long discussion and many postponements of the fatal day, you took him to the salesrooms where you were to turn him in toward the new car? We know it was not, but that on the contrary there was a depressingly funeral air about.

"Think of it!" remarked your wife. "He has carried us forty-five thousand miles."

"And given us the best times we ever had in our lives," you replied.

"No matter what the roads were—sand or mud or macadam—he always pulled us through and got us home at last."

"They say the dealers take the chassis of these cars and put truck bodies on them and use them for all kinds of work. Wouldn't it be terrible if Albert should be made into an ash truck?"

"Yes, or a junk dealer's car."

And all the time you were talking you knew, perfidious wretch! that you were about to betray the good friend who had served you so faithfully, and you almost believed that Albert knew it, too, for never did he purr more rhythmically or carry you more smoothly or more gently, as if, well aware that you were about to abandon him to heartless and unfeeling strangers, he had determined to shame you by one last display of his rectitude and his capabilities.

Well, be comforted. Though Albert is indeed gone, one waits in his place who will doubtless serve you just as faithfully, and for whom in time you will have the same warm affection. Life is like that.



THE STARS THIS WEEK

HIGH in the northeast is the constellation whose folk-name is "the big W." It is not a very shapely letter: the lower zigzag is somewhat too flat, and it cannot be seen in the right position for a W at this time of year; it must have been a winter evening when the name was given it. But the resemblance is striking enough so that you will have no trouble in recognizing the constellation.

The group is about as far on one side of the Pole Star as the Big Dipper is on the other, and its stars are about as far apart as those in the Dipper. The W is standing on end at present, but if we think of it as turned so as to stand like a W the star at the left end is Epsilon; the stroke then goes down to Delta, up to Gamma, down to Alpha, and finally up to Beta.

The figure by which this constellation has been presented for centuries is Queen Cassiopeia seated on her throne, and the constellation is called Cassiopeia, or oftener Cassiopeia's Chair, although the stars do not mark a chair very well. There

is a faint star, Kappa, which with Alpha, Beta and Gamma forms a square, and some think of this square as the legs and seat of a chair, Delta and Epsilon forming an awkwardly bent back. But in the traditional pictures the chair is the other side up.

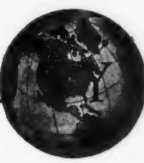
Three of the star names given by the Arabs have come down to us and indicate the position in which they imagined the seated Queen. Alpha was called Schedar (breast), Delta was Ruchbar (knee), and Beta was Caph (palm of the hand). The Queen is usually represented with her head toward and facing the south and her arms raised. But Caph is rather too near her shoulder to stand satisfactorily for the palm of her hand.

Just a little north of Kappa a famous new star, Tycho Brahe's Star, blazed out in 1572. When first noticed by the Danish astronomer, Brahe, it was more brilliant than any planet, and it grew brighter until it could be seen in daylight for more than a year. It was the most brilliant star ever seen in our sky, except our sun (for our sun is just such a body as the stars, only nearer), yet no trace of it remains today.

Caph is just halfway from Alpheratz to Polaris, and if you can carry the line from Polaris to Caph, and then from Caph to Alpheratz, and then straight on the same distance a third time, you come to a point called the Vernal Equinox, from which astronomers reckon the sun's motion among the stars. Here the sun starts on the 21st of March.

The moon will go much closer to Jupiter this week than it did to Venus last week.

THIS BU WORLD



Is There an Aluminum Monopoly?

According to the report of the Federal Trade Commission, the Aluminum Company of America has a virtual monopoly of aluminum in this country and is guilty of practices that tend to make the monopoly complete. This is the company that is chiefly owned by Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, and his brother, Mr. R. B. Mellon. The company has already denied that anything like a monopoly exists, but the Trade Commission is not impressed by its defense. It supports its own conclusions by declaring that the company is the only producer of virgin aluminum ingots in the United States, that it produces more than nine tenths of all the sheet aluminum, that it owns large amounts of stock in all the companies that make any great quantity of aluminum utensils, and that the tariff on aluminum is so high that foreign competition is impossible. The case will undoubtedly be tried in the Federal courts, and the trial will be watched with very great public interest.

The Heir Succeeds

Nothing could so dramatically illustrate the tremendous hold that the late Senator La Follette had upon the people of Wisconsin as that which has happened—the election to his vacant seat in the Senate of his son, Robert La Follette. The new Senator is almost the youngest man ever chosen to that venerable body. He has barely reached the constitutional age of thirty years; so far as we know, Henry Clay is the only man who became a Senator at an earlier age. Clay was actually a little below the legal age when he first took his seat. The new Senator is a clever and interesting young man, but his own achievements in public life are not

stead, who was the friend of Clay and during the last years of his life his physician. Clay died in 1852, seventy-three years ago. Doctor Halstead died at the extraordinary age of 107. He was already a practicing physician when "Tippecanoe" Harrison was President.

A Royal Romance

Love at first sight is possible among princes and princesses as with other people; and, though there are often reasons of state to prevent its ending in marriage, it does now and then prove strong enough to conquer whatever obstacles stand in its way. The marriage of Prince Philip of Hesse and the Princess Mafalda, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, is a case in point. Not only were the nations of Germany and Italy very recently at war, but the Princess is a Catholic of course, while the Prince is a member of one of the oldest Protestant houses in Germany; a house that was distinguished four centuries ago for the protection and support it gave to Martin Luther. But the young people were deeply in love, and they had their way in the end.

American Airmen in the Riff

A number of American aviators, probably carried away by the hunger for adventure, have joined the French forces that are fighting the revolting Riffs in Morocco and are reported to be bombing away at the natives as wholeheartedly as their French colleagues. The State Department has called their attention to the fact that they are violating the laws of the United States in enlisting in a foreign army, especially to fight within the boundaries of a country where the United States enjoys extraterritorial rights. No one expects the airmen to give up their employment. They are of the type of the soldier of fortune, who is more interested in living his life dangerously and militantly than in preserving his legal status unimpaired. But their countrymen will regret that they are using their talents to help crush a people that is fighting for its freedom from foreign domination.

Next Week

"HOW QUAIN!" by Alice Dyar Russell

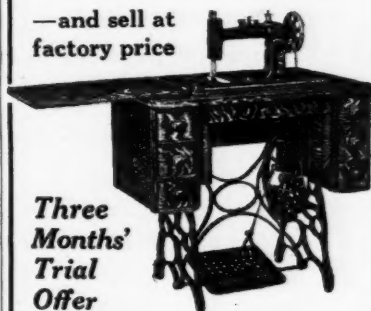
THE OLD SQUIRE'S GREAT-GRANDSON, by C. A. Stephens
BABY'S CONTRIBUTION TO SPEECH, by Ernest Weekley
MISS CLARISSA'S FRIENDS, by Frances Healey
THE SLIP OF A KNOT, by Herbert Coolidge

A Link With the Past

Speaking of Henry Clay, we noticed the death the other day of Dr. Joseph Singer Hal-

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The CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE PERIWIGS FIND PERT

By Mary Booth Beverley



A Periwig track in the brownish-red mound that surrounded the hole

"STEP LIVELY!" roared Captain Periwig almost loud enough to be heard by mortal ears. He had had a bad dream and had rolled out of the wrong side of his little flower bed. He felt like finding fault with somebody or something. But there was nothing to find fault with. All the little army looked happy and neat, each with his wig in perfect order, and his little shoe laced and tied in a nice bow.

"Where is Pert?" roared the captain again. "Go find him and take him to the guardhouse!"

And then they suddenly remembered that no one had seen him that morning; in fact, no one had seen him all night long.

"Perhaps he went to the guardhouse without thinking," said the second lieutenant hopefully. "He is sent there so often, you know."

"Go at once to the guardhouse and look," commanded the captain.

He hopped far ahead of them, springing along at a great rate. His bad humor,



The red wings whirred out of sight

which never lasted long, was gone now, and he was only anxious to find the little fellow who gave them all so much trouble, but was loved by them very dearly. You see, Pert was not really bad at heart, only full of mischief.

They followed the trail taken the morning before, the little army hopping silently and going so swiftly with the aid of a gentle breeze that they seemed almost to be flying. They were not unlike a shower of periwinkle petals, so blue were their bodies and eyes that morning.

Presently they came to an ant hole where they remembered stopping the day before. There they discovered a Periwig track in the brownish-red mound that surrounded the hole.

"Pert has been here," said the captain excitedly.

Following his lead, the little people hopped so near that they were in danger of tumbling in. A faint, a very faint cry



He sat down suddenly. A Periwig always sits down suddenly

reached their ears. "Help, help! I am in the ant hole! The great creatures are making a slave of me! Get me out! O captain, captain!"

"Oh, dear me," said the captain, leaning over and trying to see down into the hole. "Why ever did you go in there?"



He tumbled off at the foot of his astonished lieutenant

"Did you think it was the guardhouse?" asked the corporal.

"Get me out, get me out," called the faint voice again.

"If you wanted to go in the guardhouse, why did you not go in the new one that we found and put the strong door on?" demanded the second lieutenant.

"I fell asleep, and the ants dragged me in. I am a slave down here. Help!" Pert seemed in much distress.

Now the captain knew that ants made slaves of their enemies, but the Periwigs had always been on good terms with the ants, and never had a Periwig been carried into an ant hole before. This must be a strange colony of the insects, and, judging by the size of the hole and the height of the mound around it, each individual ant must be more than half the size of a Periwig.

"Get Pert out at once!" yelled the captain, thinking of these things. "At once!" He sat down suddenly. A Periwig always sits down suddenly; his legs are joined together at the ankles, and he is not well balanced. Then they all sat down suddenly and looked at the captain.

Captain Periwig frowned slightly and looked at the sky, wishing with all his heart for the red bird. As the Periwigs continued looking at him expectantly, he turned his gaze to the ground.

"I have a—a—very important thing



He sat down suddenly. A Periwig always sits down suddenly

on my mind," he said, "to—er—think about. Pert will have to be punished, you know, for falling in, after he gets out."

"But he must have fallen in before he got out, sir, and then fell in again," said the corporal, "for he is still in."

"Oh, dear me," said the captain, trying to see down into the hole

the ant withdrew. They kept this up for some time.

"What kind of a new game is that?" asked the red bird, flying overhead. As he spoke a tiny crumb of bread fell from the larger piece that he was carrying in his bill.

The captain cast his thoughts aside and hopped up and down joyfully. "We are getting Pert out of the ant hole, Mr. Redbird. Do come down and help us!"

"Queer way you are going about it. But I will come back and help as soon as I have given this crumb to my little ones. By-by." And the red wings whirled out of sight.

"Why, he has lost his crumb!" The captain stopped and picked up the tiny fragment. "I will hide it under the mound until he comes back."

No sooner had he placed the crumb in the mound than out came a large ant, followed by another and then another. In a great drove they ascended the mound. The Periwigs drew back in astonishment and watched them. Two had seized the

The captain seemed about to rebuke the corporal, but the second lieutenant spoke first. "Pert said the ants dragged him in."

"Of course," said the captain, beginning to smile. "None of you can understand. Pert has to be punished for falling asleep beside the hole. While I am thinking of a way to punish him—for he has had enough of guardhouses for the present—you must think of a way to get him out of the hole."

"The thing to do," said the second lieutenant, rising awkwardly to his



Out came the ant's head

foot, "is to get the ants out of the hole! After we do that we can go down and bring Pert out." The second lieutenant was pleased with himself and smiled conceitedly.

"Then I will appoint you," began the captain, watching the smile fade from the little Periwig's face as he sat down so suddenly that his foot shot out from under him and he lost his wig. "I will appoint you to command the whole army and get the ants out of the hole at once."

They all sprang to their feet and saluted the second lieutenant, who having fastened his wig, led them dejectedly to the ant hole. They surrounded the hole and stood there looking hopelessly in. Presently a large ant came to the top of the hole and looked out. The Periwigs hopped hurriedly backward. The ant disappeared within. Back came the Periwigs; out came the ant's head. The Periwigs retreated again, and again

crumb of bread and were dragging it toward the hole where the insects were still coming out.

"O-h-h!" shouted the Periwigs. "There comes Pert!"

And there he was. He had hopped upon the body of an ant; clapping his arms round him and holding on with all his might, he rode out of the hole. He looked pale and thin, and his wig was much tangled.

Catching sight of his friends, he slipped his arms nearer the head of the insect, trying to guide him toward them. Much to his surprise, the ant turned at the will of his rider, for Pert was choking him. Onward he urged his strange steed. Then with a grin of mischief he loosened his hold and tumbled off at the foot of his astonished captain.

"So you got him out?" asked the red bird, flying down among them. "You Periwigs always find a way. Hop upon my back and I will take you as far as Weeping Willow Pond."



DRAWINGS BY DECIE MERWIN

SPIDERS

VERSE and DRAWING

By

Verna Grisier McCully

This queer little pan

With a handle long

Is a spider,

So they say.

But if that's true,

I can't see why

Miss Muffett

Ran away!



OLD APPLE TREE'S SECRET

By Edna Payson Brett

OLD APPLE TREE had a secret. She told it to the sunbeams; she told it to the breezes; she told it to her leafy green branches. But she did not tell it to the village children.

Old Apple Tree lived in a pleasant orchard close to the stone-wall fence. In autumn she gave to Farmer Jones barrels of juicy red apples; and she never failed to ask Mr. Wind to shake some of her rosiest ones down into the road for the boys and girls who passed that way.

How Old Apple Tree loved to hear their merry shouts! But sometimes she heard words like these:

"I found it first!"

"That big one's mine!"

This year was a rest year for Old Apple Tree. In Maytime the children saw no pretty pink and white blossoms. "Too bad," they said; "we shan't have any nice red apples this fall!" Then no one except little Jeannie and Jamie paid any more attention to her.

Jeannie and Jamie would often stop and say, "Oh, how pretty your new green leaves are! And what a nice place for birdies to build a nest!" That was exactly what Mr. and Mrs. Robin thought.

And when summer days came Jeannie and Jamie, who had no trees about their bare cottage home, would often come and play outside the stone wall in the shade of Old Apple Tree's spreading boughs. And Old Apple Tree whispered her happy secret to Mr. Robin, who sang it to his wife.

Then one day in the golden autumn Old Apple Tree decided that it was time to give away her secret to the little friends for whose delight she had been keeping it all this while.

A merry troop of school children went by that morning and glanced up at her. "Bad Old Apple Tree," they cried, "not to give us any apples this year!" And they passed along while the little breezes laughed among the branches.

Then came little Jeannie and Jamie. "Good Old Apple Tree," they cried, "thank you for the lovely shade you gave us all summer and for all the lovely apples you gave us last year!"

"Now!" whispered Old Apple Tree to the breezes. And they parted the leaves that had been hiding the secret.

"Oh-oo!" exclaimed Jeannie and Jamie as they beheld two of the biggest, rosiest apples that ever were!

Then Mr. Wind came along with a whiff, whiff, whiff and blew those two biggest, rosiest apples that ever were right down at Jeannie's and Jamie's feet.

"Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the happy children.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Apple Tree, for your lovely surprise to Jamie and me!" Jeannie laughed to find that she had made a rhyme.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Jamie for himself.

And Old Apple Tree had never been quite so happy before in all her life.

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DAILY BREAD

By Eleanor Hammond

Thank God for little common things,
Small, lovely things of every day—
Grass that is green beside the door
And dandelions across the way,
Candles that flicker in the dusk
And firelit rooms where shadows play;

For silver fingers of the rain
Stroking a young tree's bending head,
For stars that prick through drifting clouds
And dawns that flame in gold and red.
Thank God for common, lovely things
That are the spirit's daily bread!

THE VISION ON THE WALL

"THE Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say," said Our Lord to his disciples once, and a striking fulfillment of that promise is found in the impressive experience of a famous living evangelist.

He was preaching in Liverpool to a congregation that packed the church to its utmost capacity. Suddenly in the midst of the sermon he stopped abruptly and said: "There is a man here who twelve years ago was sent to New Zealand. He was a drunkard, a gambler and a wife-beater. He returned from New Zealand last evening and has come to this church tonight. I have to tell him that his wife has forgiven him and that he should return to her as quickly as he can." Then the evangelist resumed his sermon. At the end of the service as he descended from the pulpit the vicar rushed up to him, and said excitedly: "How did you know about that man? It's true, doctor! And I packed him off to the colonies twelve years ago, and he is here tonight! It's true! How did you know about it?"

"All I can say," replied the preacher, "is that during my sermon I saw on the wall opposite to me a vision of the Mersey and a man embarking—then a map of New Zealand—then the Mersey again and a man coming ashore."

"How did you know it was twelve years ago or that the man was here?"

"I can't tell you, I knew—that is all!" Before that night was ended the man had given his heart to God and was speeding back to the wife he had so cruelly treated, that they might begin life again together. There is no doubt that there is a heightened consciousness frequently realized in the pulpit by saintly preachers that is a sound testimony to divine inspiration.

THE RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD;

ARLINE GEORGE was always enthusiastic, always brimming with life, always on the verge of having something wonderful happen to her. The day Grace was out with her friend, pretty little Mrs. Cleves, they met her, and Mrs. Cleves introduced the two girls and asked Arline how the tea room she had been planning to help start was coming on.

"Oh, the whole thing fell through," Arline exclaimed ruefully. "So many backed out that nothing came of it. And it was such a clever idea! It would have been an entirely new kind of place. We'd surely have made lots and lots of money out of it."

"But if it's sure to be a success why don't you start it by yourself?" Grace asked.

"Oh, I couldn't. It would need ever so much money to do it right. Besides, now I've been thinking it over, I wonder if tea rooms aren't risky. Food spoils so quickly. And a friend tells me there's all kinds of money made these days in libraries—you know—books in paper covers at so much a day. I'm on my way now to talk with a woman about them. So I must be off."

Grace turned eagerly to Mrs. Cleves when they were again alone. "Isn't she attractive! What a shame those people went back on her and spoiled all her wonderful plans!"

Mrs. Cleves shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't believe her heart's broken. As you see, she's off on something else already."

Grace stared at her friend. "Why, how can you speak that way? You could see how keen she was about it."

"Ye-es," Mrs. Cleves agreed, smiling; but then she added more. "She's been that so often. Perhaps some day she will strike the big things she's always almost found. But I have my doubts. She's very useful keeping the ball rolling—starting things, you know. But, seriously, have you ever known one really successful person who be-

gan by aiming always at the thing that would bring in immediate golden results? I haven't! Every successful person I know started by being so intensely interested in the small things at hand that they soon grew to be the big ones. Of course they were quick to seize their chances to branch out. They had vision beyond the petty routine. But they weren't the seekers after Eldorado, whose chant always ends, 'But unluckily nothing ever came of it.'"

And Grace had to admit she was right.

slender and pretty; both wearing beautiful gowns. At length an endless line of automobiles starts in the direction of the city. It looks a bit dull, because motor cars do not adapt themselves to royal processions. The old gala carriages with their prancing horses were more impressive.

The republican inhabitants of the Canton of Geneva rejoice at the show and cry their *vivats*. The beautiful Queen has made a deep impression on them, and gayly they cheer, "Vive la Reine, vive la Reine!"

purpose of which no one can grasp. But, behold, the string ends in a monocle! The royal right brow rises, the royal right cheek drops, and the gold-rimmed monocle sits jauntily in the royal right eye-socket! Like a flash of lightning a word shoots through the spectator's mind: "Serenissimus!" Then the royal right hand descends into the pocket of the hussar tunic and pulls out a folded sheet of paper. Carefully His Majesty unfolds it, looks at it right side up, then bottom side up, then right side up once more, and finally reads the contents in French with a strong German accent.

WET BLANKETS

"GLORIOUS, glorious—what a view!" said Piggott and I to each other as we stood on the terrace of Kendrick's new house in the country.

"Why, that's Tisbury Beacon over there, isn't it?" I asked as Kendrick joined us.

"Yes," he replied. "That's bad. When you can see the beacon, that means rain. The same with the church tower on your left. There's bad weather ahead whenever that is visible."

"But it's fine now," we protested, "and it looks as if it were going to last."

"No, no, not for long," he said. "You'll see I'm right."

Of course he was. People like that always are. In an hour the clouds had banked up, shut out everything and settled down to create a record in rainfall. Kendrick was triumphant and hearty. No sitting indoors and playing mah jong or reading a book. No; we whistled for the dogs, we found nobbly sticks, we put on thick boots and hot mackintoshes and prepared to tramp.

Kendrick began giving my wife a résumé of his last speech at the village political meeting, whereby he proved that women are not really men's equals. Piggott and I fell behind. Piggott was angry. He considered I had not given him sufficient support. He hated rain and hated walking, and pretended that if I had only helped him we might have avoided both.

The rain redoubled its vigor. Kendrick quickened his pace. We followed morosely. Then Piggott burst out:

"Kendrick wanted it to rain. He likes it raining. He made it rain this morning by moving all those hills and things near. He said it rained when the hills looked near, solely to gratify his sense of importance as a prophet. People who've just taken a house in the country are always like that. They want to show they keep in touch with Mother Nature."

As it was Kendrick's salt that had flavored our boiled eggs at breakfast, I tried to create a diversion, but Piggott would have none of it.

"Talk about advertisement hoardings spoiling the countryside," he continued; "these dismal prophets are just as bad, if not worse. There's not a headland or picturesque landmark anywhere that they don't spoil by turning it into a regular wet blanket, a sign of rain. It's lucky for them the practice of carrying arms has died out."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Because, if it had not, some exasperated person would run them through. You know that story about Romulus and Remus?"

"About one killing the other because he saw more vultures from the top of a hill?"

"They got the story wrong. What Romulus really said was, 'By Jove, I can see the Alban Hills,' and Remus replied, 'Ah, that means rain.' Whereupon Romulus out with his sword and finished him."

Some six months later I went down to Piggott's newly acquired country cottage for a week-end. Sunday was a lovely day. We took rugs and hammocks into the orchard and lay basking in the sun. From afar came the sound of bells.

"Listen," I said. "Church bells."

Piggott's face fell. "That's too bad!" he exclaimed. "Whenever you can hear those bells it's bound to rain."

As I do not wear sidearms, Piggott is still alive.

THE COURTESIES OF THE ROAD

THE motorist was quite certain he had not been exceeding the speed limit, says the Motor Magazine, and so he was astonished when the village policeman held up his hand and brought him to a standstill.

"Say," protested the driver, "I wasn't doing more than ten miles an hour—I swear it."

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the officer. "But I'd be obliged if you'd lend me a few drops of gasoline. I'm going to a wedding tomorrow and I want to clean my gloves."



The old juniper tree

OLDER THAN KING SOLOMON

THERE is something about an ancient tree that wins our reverence whether we know much about trees or not. And sometimes one of these veterans is found of such age that we seek in vain for a word that expresses our feelings about it.

In Logan Canyon, Utah, a knotted old juniper has very recently been discovered; the men of science say that it had reached a vigorous life before King Solomon was born. A student in the Utah Agricultural College discovered it. The tree is still growing, its roots imbedded in rock at an elevation of 7300 feet above sea level; it is about forty-

four feet high. The old tree has been taking its nourishment from the limestone cliff for three thousand years. All that time this noble veteran has fought a lonely but victorious fight against wind and storm and drought. Through its long struggle the old juniper has acquired such strength that it is actually breaking apart the ledge on which it grows and gradually pushing several tons of rocky material away from the edge of the cliff. The national Forest Service has been asked to protect this tough old settler from the souvenir hunters, by surrounding it with a strong steel fence.

ROYALTY IN STRANGE QUARTERS

THE King and Queen of Roumania paid a formal visit to the seat of the League of Nations, at Geneva, not long ago. Strange and impressive event, royalty, outlived and almost everywhere overthrown, standing before the instrument that perhaps more than any other suggests the new spirit of a democratic age! A writer in a Swedish daily describes the visit and reception in the following bright and picturesque manner:

The train approaches—the private train of the King of Roumania, consisting of ten cars. The Russian Czar used to travel with his attendants in three trains, each consisting of fifteen cars, so that the pomp of the Roumanian monarch is quite modest by comparison. As usual when a royal train arrives, a lackey with a general's overcoat on his arm jumps off first. Next comes a variegated stream of couriers, officers, ministers, generals, courtiers, ladies in waiting—Roumania displaying her magnificence.

At last the face of the King appears, wreathed with the friendly smile so familiar in his photographs. He wears a hussar uniform, bespattered with decorations. Next comes the Queen—handsome, elegant, majestic, conspicuous in a wonderful pearl necklace. Behind the Queen march two court ladies, the one fat and homely, the other

The formal reception at the League Headquarters takes place on the historic veranda, "the glass house on Lake Geneva," where Signor Salandra last fall defended the imperialism of Benito Mussolini so vigorously that the place would have been wrecked had not some one called out, "Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." With gay courage the ruling couple enter the glass house, where a throne has been raised for each. But there is also a third—for Sir Eric Drummond, for the League, for the majesty of peace.

A remarkable scene then ensues. At first all three sit a moment on their thrones in silence. Then Sir Eric rises—a typical Englishman, half embarrassment, half cricket-ground democracy. His voice quavers with confusion. His right hand, which holds the copy of his address, trembles visibly, while his left hand rests calmly in his trousers pocket. But despite his stammering, his English flows on, self-reliant and easy. Sir Eric says, "Your Majesties," but it sounds as if he said, "My dear old chappies." And so everyone understands his meaning, that the League is talking to Roumania merely as to one of its children.

Then the King rises, the King of Roumania, of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Nervously he tugs at a string, the

LEARN TO SELL

By Thomas H. Beck

Former Canvasser and Salesman. Now President of P. F. Collier & Son Company, publishers of *Collier's*, the *National Weekly*, of Doctor Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of books, and other classics.

THE most successful men in the world are great persuaders, which means that they make other people think as they do. This is only another way of saying that they are salesmen. Think of President Lincoln and his powers of persuasion.

Think especially how Benjamin Franklin was able to convince other people. As a very young man in a strange city, almost without friends, he sold the idea of a public library to families in Philadelphia; and that library is one of his monuments today. Later in life, as you know, he persuaded the French government to declare war on Great Britain in aid of our United States independence. That was one of the greatest feats of persuasion, or salesmanship, that the world has ever known.

But I need not go so far back for examples. Think of the leading men in America today: Charles M. Schwab, for example, in the steel industry; or Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company; or Bruce Barton, the brilliant and beloved editorial writer. Each of these men is proud to be called a great convincer, a great salesman.

If you are an ambitious young man or woman (and I hope many girls and women are reading this, because in this day and age women are more and more taking their rightful place in business, the professions and the arts), you will find it greatly to your advantage to cultivate and develop your ability to persuade other people. Learn to sell.

It is, of course, important that anyone who tries to do this should have worth-while goods and ideas—something that will contribute to progress, better living and increased intelligence.

Salesmen Are Made, Not Born

I sincerely believe that The Youth's Companion offers to boys and girls a splendid and at the same time a highly profitable opportunity to learn and practice the art of selling—an art that can be acquired only through experience and by learning what you can from other people who have been salesmen before you. Good salesmen are not born. They are made. I remember that when I was a very young chap employed as a helper in the first automobile agency in the city of Washington, D. C., my employers would not let me even go out and try to sell the cars. They said, and they were perfectly right, that I was too young and too green to risk the loss of an important sale. But when the older men went out to lunch, I took care of the showroom.

One day a fine-looking man in a black frock coat came to call. "I want to look at your cars," he said. "Can you show them to me?"

I told him that I would show him the cars, but that I was not supposed to be a salesman yet.

"Well," he answered, "I am a very busy man. The Senate will be in session very shortly. Just answer my questions as well as you can."

I can say without boasting that I knew the answers; I had taken our cars apart and put them together again; I knew what they could do and what they could not do. They were steamers, by the way.

That United States Senator put his silk hat down on the work bench and crawled under the car on his hands and knees (I had a clean bit of board ready for him to use at that moment), and within half an hour he knew all about the car and was ready to buy. And that taught me a great lesson. I was only a sixteen-year-old lad—but by really knowing about the car and demonstrating it to my customer, and not merely relying on "lungs and language," I was able to make a sale. That was just good luck, I know; but I have always found, ever since, that it pays to demonstrate!

My next customer at the automobile agency was a young lady, one of the prettiest who ever lived. Millions of people knew her well, for she was the darling of the American theatre. I had never seen her before. But I guessed (and quite correctly as it proved) that she would be less interested in such details as boiler construction, transmission chains and differential gears than was the United States Senator. I accordingly showed

TEN POINTS FOR SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN

1. The business of selling is a profession, a serious, well-paid profession for those who succeed. The selling of good literature is a *laudable vocation*.
2. When approaching the home of a prospective customer, be businesslike; walk briskly, ring or knock in a firm way.
3. As the door is opened, have your cap or soft hat under your arm, so that your hands will be free. Step forward, just as if you were calling by INVITATION. If there is a screen door, remember that it opens outward. Step backward so that it will open. This will aid you surprisingly in securing admission.
4. Here is an effective opening: "Good morning, Mrs. Roberts; my name is William Smith, of 243 Maple Avenue." (Give your home address; it inspires confidence in you.) Then say: "I have called to see Mr. Roberts; perhaps I can talk with you instead." In most cases, you will be informed that Mr. Roberts is out; most men are at work away from home during the day. Natural curiosity will impel Mrs. Roberts to ask you to step in.
5. In dealing with ladies, it is very important to be extremely polite and courteous because it is a novelty to them.
6. Never talk to a lady with your hat on; never sit down till she asks you to. No first-rate salesman, of whatever age, ever smokes when approaching a home, nor when in sight of it. Your whole demeanor should be one of extreme courtesy, for many sales can be made on that basis alone. It is the little things that count.
7. Similarly, be sure your face and hands are freshly scrubbed, your nails speckless, your hair combed, and your clothes and shoes well brushed.
8. As soon as you are inside the home, and start to talk, hand a copy of The Youth's Companion to the customer. This helps to hold her attention. Then, if you take another copy in your own hands, and begin to show the items and pictures you want her to see, she will follow you easily. And, as her hands and yours are fully occupied, she is in no position to hand back the magazine without forcing it on you or throwing it on the floor. This situation, when well executed, gives you all the time you need to explain your proposition.
9. Do not be afraid to let your customer talk, but ask questions to which the only sensible answer is "yes." Thus you will get in step with her. For example, say: "Isn't this a great picture?" at the same time showing it. Or say: "Here is a receipt my mother has used; doesn't it look good?" Never ask: "How do you like this or that?" She might take the cue to be critical and find fault.
10. A most effective closing is to spread out The Companion, all the copies you have with you, on the table or the floor and say: "And you get all this, every week, for only about ONE HALF CENT A DAY—isn't it a wonderful bargain?" Then accept her \$2, inquire the names of other families she is sure will be interested, and say politely: "Thank you very much; good day."

her how easy the car was to drive, how comfortably a woman could handle it, how fine a quality of upholstery our manufacturers used. Women appreciate those things. She bought a car. This sale taught me that men and women should often be approached quite differently.

Men and Women Differ

To sell The Youth's Companion to a boy, I would show him the fine, outdoor cover picture, the adventure stories and the stories of school and college sport, and also the valuable new departments like Things to Make, Especially for Boys. I suggest saying to him, "Wouldn't you like to make the best crystal receiver in the world? Well, here on page 740 of The Youth's Companion you will find an article that shows how to do it. Why don't you and your father get together some evening soon and try it?" And if this boy already had a radio set or didn't want a crystal receiver, I would be ready with another number of The Companion, showing something that he did want; the postage-stamp department, for instance, or the games to play.

But if I were selling to a girl or a grown woman (and that is who most of your customers will be, because mother does most of the purchasing for the whole family), I would show her the boys' features, and I would also show her (not merely tell her) the fine old editorial page headed Fact and Comment, which is on page 734 of this issue, with its invaluable summary of current events; and I would show her the stories about home, and those about girls, and the receipts, and the poems and other features of primarily feminine interest. Don't forget

that she will be highly interested, too, in the *masculine* features; all women want to provide nice things for their men-folks and their sons. But make her realize, by demonstration, that The Youth's Companion contains a great many interesting things for herself.

The idea that salesmen are born and not made is responsible for more failures in America than any other mistaken idea. Don't you know people who say, "Oh, I shouldn't dare ask for a raise in salary," or, "Everything was always against me—I couldn't make any headway, somehow"? Whenever I hear such a remark I know I am listening to somebody who has never learned to sell. Everybody has some talent, something he or she can do extremely well. But talent is no good unless you can find a way to make people want it. You must learn to sell!

When a timid, underpaid, hopeless sort of chap comes to me and tells me his troubles, and asks if I won't give him a job just as a sort of charity, I always think of one of the greatest men of our time, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard. He was the poorest kind of poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket when he landed in America as an immigrant from Germany. He was hopelessly crippled, too. But he got a job,—oh, it was the first job that came to hand, he couldn't be choosy,—and he studied and worked until he produced a thesis on a certain profound electrical subject, which he read at a gathering of engineers. That paper made him famous. He was nobody when he started to read his paper; he was a famous man, and a benefactor of the world, when his theory was accepted. Then he went on from hard work to hard work,

always selling his ideas to people who wanted them, until he became at last one of the greatest engineers among all the famous intellects of the General Electric Company and his name was a household word. That was what one penniless cripple did, in a strange country where, at first, he could not even speak our language. Think how much more most of us ought to be able to do. But Steinmetz was a salesman; he could not only invent, but he could persuade financiers and business men that they wanted his inventions. We can all learn something from him.

Headwork and Footwork Too

Win some of the premiums in this number of The Youth's Companion. You want that steam engine, perhaps, on page 745. Well, get it tomorrow. Pick out a family that ought to have The Youth's Companion, study how you are going to approach them, be sure you have planned in your mind what you are going to do and say and demonstrate when you get to their house,—don't be fresh and don't be shy,—and you will get it so easily you will be surprised. Or you can get the pearls, or some of the books, or the league football, or anything else you want. And you can get all of them. You won't sell to every family you go to; but if you have pluck and use your head, you ought to sell to more than half of the people who live near you. Every play in a football game doesn't go for a touchdown. There would be no sport if it did. A fair share of failures in selling will help an ambitious young chap as much as his successes. I "got my bumps" many a time, after I became a full-fledged automobile salesman. But it will pay you handsomely, now and in after life, to lose a few sales if you will analyze those near-sales and no-sales and thus find out why you fell down. That enables you to correct faults, to anticipate objections and to put emphasis on the things that are most interesting to the prospective customer. Consider him always and sell him the result that will accrue to him through his purchase.

Do you fully understand this? You will get licked, all through life, if you merely go to a man and say, "I want you to do something because it will be profitable to me." A few people will buy things from you to help you along just as they will give a few pennies to charity. But most people buy most merchandise, including magazines, to help themselves—not to help the salesman. Be sure that you realize that The Youth's Companion is valuable, useful and entertaining to the family that subscribes to it. Your enthusiasm will be infectious; you won't just be asking for a favor to yourself.

But you will succeed all through life, if you always try to sell something that will help the buyer, and that is worth what he pays for it and will give him real comfort and satisfaction. With such a thing to sell you can go to anybody's home or office with full confidence that your visit will be welcome. This is why Charles M. Schwab has made good—he has always sold good stuff, useful iron and steel and ships. A fine magazine is good stuff, too; there would be little love of reading and of intellectual progress and of better standards of living if it were not for the fact that America has the best and highest-minded magazines in the world. The Youth's Companion is one of this group of the best magazines. So is the Atlantic Monthly, and the Woman's Home Companion, and the American Magazine, and Collier's, the National Weekly—each is a true leader.

You have a wonderful chance to learn selling under the finest auspices when you start learning as a salesman of The Youth's Companion. You have a magazine that you can understand and that you like. Everybody can afford The Youth's Companion when he understands that it costs only two dollars a year—less than four cents a week!

Remember to appeal to the sense of sight. We all remember what we see long after we have forgotten what we hear. Remember to be clean, neat, polite, persistent and sincere. Do this well and do it every day; put in plenty of FOOTWORK as well as headwork—and you will be bound to succeed, just as others have succeeded before you.

The Make - It and Do - It Pages

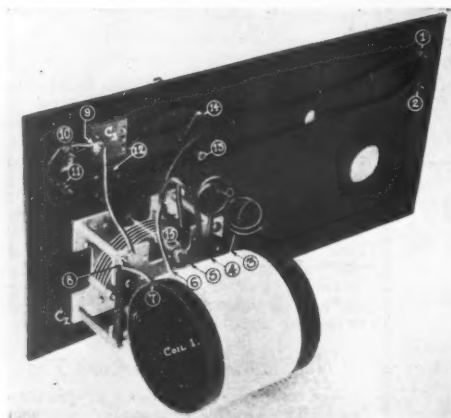


Fig. 1

THE RADIO RECEIVER here described is designed for Companion readers who live near a broadcasting station and who would like to construct a receiver that is simple to make, that does not have a high first cost or a high operating cost and that is capable of giving clear reception on the local station. Furthermore, such a receiver should be able to select a programme from among several, if there are several local stations.

The receiver may be constructed in two stages—first, a simple receiver (Figs. 1 and 3), to be expanded if necessary into a more selective receiver (Figs. 2 and 4). The selective type should be built only if it is found impossible to separate the local broadcasting stations on the simple receiver, for the increase of range alone is not great enough to warrant the additional expense. The parts used in the simple circuit are all used in the more selective circuit.

If there are several broadcasting stations in your immediate vicinity, use a full-sized panel for the simple circuit. If then you require the more selective receiver, you will not have to buy a new panel. In case the simple type alone is to be built a panel only half as long is required.

To assemble the receiver you will need the following material:

Diagram designation	Article	Quantity
	Panel, 7 x 16 x $\frac{3}{16}$ inches thick (Panel, 7 x 8 x $\frac{3}{16}$ inches for simple receiver only)	1
1, 2, 10, 11, D	Binding posts	4
D	Crystal-detector stand	1
D	Crystal	1
C-3	Phone condenser, .002 m.f.	1
C-2	Variable condenser, with dial, .0003 m.f. maximum capacity (13 plate)	1
Coil 1	Bakelite tubing, $\frac{3}{16}$ inches diameter, $\frac{3}{16}$ inches long, $\frac{1}{16}$ inch wall. (Good stiff cardboard tubing may be used.)	1
Coil 1	Number-24 double-cotton-covered copper wire	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

Fig. 1 explains the mounting of the parts of the simple set when arranged for later expansion.

To make coil 1 drill a pair of small holes a quarter of an inch apart and three eighths of an inch in from either end of the coil form. These are to hold the ends of the winding in place. Take the end of the wire and twice pass it through one of the holes, from the outside of the form, and up through the other hole, from the inside of the form. When the little loop of wire between the two holes is pulled up tight against the form, it will be found that the end of the wire is anchored securely to the winding form. Before finally pulling up on the wire, slip enough through so that there will be about eight inches left free for use as a connecting wire (3).

Now, keeping the wire taught, wind it round the form, keeping the turns closely and smoothly together, until twenty-five

A great many readers have written to ask the Department Editor what he regards as the "very best" crystal receiver. This is a hard question to answer because everyone has his own favorite, but we'll put in a good solid "yes" vote for the receiver described on this page.

THE "BEST" CRYSTAL RECEIVER

turns have been wound on. Keeping the winding firmly in place with the thumb of one hand, make a loop of about eight inches in length in the slack wire running to the spool and twist the feet of the loop tightly together, for about eight turns. The loop will form the connecting wire for this tap of the coil (4).

It will now be found that the winding may be continued, leaving the loop projecting out from the winding, and that a firm, even pull on the wire will not disturb the twisting of the tap wires. This process must now be repeated until a total of one hundred turns has been wound on the form. The final end of the winding should be secured through the small holes provided at the end of the form. The ends of the winding are then at 3 and 7, while the three taps appear twenty-five turns apart along the coil, as at 4, 5 and 6. Mount the coil and proceed to make the connections as shown in Figs. 1 and 3.

To place the receiver in operation, connect the antenna at binding post 1, the ground at binding post 2. For the best results a wire of one hundred feet or longer should be used for the antenna; a suitable ground may generally be obtained by making connection to a water or steam pipe, or to a rod driven into moist ground. Connect the headset at the binding posts 10 and 11. Adjust the crystal detector by searching over the surface of the crystal with the adjustable point until a position is found that gives the best signals. This should be repeated with the tuning condenser C-2 set at various positions until a station is heard. Once a signal is picked up, set the condenser for maximum response, and then make a final adjustment of the crystal detector.

With the connections given, the receiver will respond to all of the broadcast wave lengths, so that any broadcasting station not too far from the receiver can be heard. The connections indicated will probably give the most satisfactory results, but a little experimenting to find the best combination may be done as follows: Transfer the connection from binding post 1 to tap 6 to run from binding post 1 to tap 5 (which then becomes the same as connection 15). This may be advantageous, particularly on an antenna that is less than one hundred feet long. If it is found that a given station is heard with the condenser very near maximum (the rotary plates entirely covered by the stationary plates), the same station may be brought in to advantage somewhat lower down on the dial by connecting tap 4 to the point 15, instead of tap 5, as is shown in the photograph.

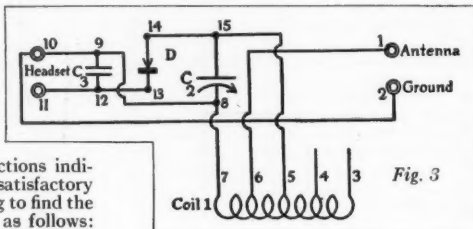
Most dealers in radio equipment will stand behind their crystal detectors and in the event that a poor crystal has been obtained will be willing to make a replacement. A good galena crystal is very sensitive, but requires a very light pressure of

the contact spring, so that it is easily put out of adjustment by jarring. A good silicon crystal will operate very well with considerably more pressure than the galena will take, and so is more stable. There are many other substances that may be used for crystals, many of which are marketed under trade names. Several of these are entirely satisfactory; the best guaranty is to buy them from a reputable dealer.

With the binding post 1 connected to tap 6 of the coil, the selectivity of the receiver is maximum. With binding post 1 connected to tap 5 (and also to point 15) the selectivity is slightly less, though the signal strength may be slightly greater. If it is possible to operate with these latter connections, they should be used; but if there are several local stations, the first set of connections will give more satisfaction. Normally such a simple receiver will not receive the ordinary broadcasting station over a distance of much more than ten or fifteen miles. If the station is more powerful than the average, somewhat greater distances may be covered with regularity. Under very favorable conditions as to both transmitter and receiver distances up to a hundred and fifty miles have been covered, but that should not be considered as the type of result which should be expected as a regular thing.

To construct the more selective type of receiver, you require the following material:

Diagram designation	Article	Quantity
S	Switch arm, with knob and shaft	1
19, 20, 21, 22	Switch points	4



C-1	Variable condenser, with dial, .0003 to .0005 m.f. maximum capacity	1
CA	Brass rod, $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch diameter, $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, threaded over entire length	1
CA	Hexagonal nuts to fit rod	4
CA	$\frac{3}{16}$ inch dial, for $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch shaft	1
Coil 2	Bakelite tubing, $\frac{3}{16}$ inches diameter, $\frac{3}{16}$ inches long, $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch wall. (Good stiff cardboard may be used if desired.)	1

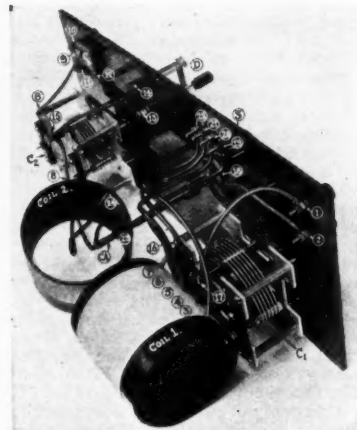
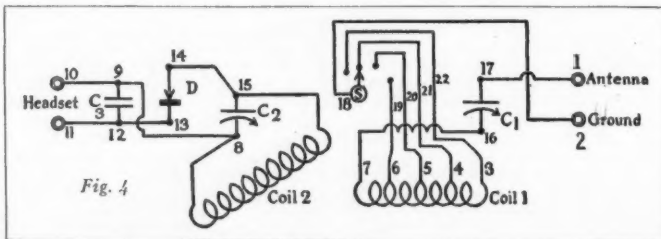


Fig. 2

Wire If the $\frac{1}{4}$ -pound spool was obtained, there will be enough wire for coil 2; otherwise obtain $\frac{1}{4}$ -pound number-24 double-cotton-covered wire.

In beginning the assembly of the selective circuit (Figs. 2 and 4) you may do one of two things: leave coil 1 mounted on condenser C-2 and move the condenser over to the other end of the panel (and then call it C-1), or leave condenser C-2 mounted at the right-hand end of the panel, taking off the coil 1 and remounting the coil on the added condenser C-1. Then mount the second condenser, C-1, at the left-hand end of the panel; take coil 1 off the condenser C-2 and remount it on the back of the condenser C-1. Only the terminals 7, 6 and 5 of the coil should be free; the remaining connections of the circuit should be left in place for the present. In the centre of the panel, on a line with the centres of the dials of C-1 and C-2, drill a quarter-inch hole for a snug sliding fit on the brass rod. Enough of the rod should project in front of the panel for securing the dial. Run up two of the hexagonal nuts on the rod, in back of the panel, turning the first one up until nearly all of the play of the rod in the hole is taken up, when the second nut should be run up snugly against the first, to lock it in place. This is for the coupling adjustment CA, Fig. 2. To the left of the centre dial, between the centre dial and the left-hand dial (C-1), the switch arm S should be mounted.

Now make up coil 2 with about sixty turns of wire, without taps, near one end of the form. Leave several inches of free wire at each end for connections. Drill a quarter-inch hole through the coil form, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the end of the form carrying the winding. This completes coil 2.

Slip one of the two hexagonal nuts on the shaft, running it on about one inch. Then place the shaft through the quarter-inch hole in the form of coil 2 and run on the last of the hexagonal nuts. The position of the coil on the shaft may be regulated by adjustment of the nuts and should be fixed so that the centre of coil 2 lies on the centre line of coil 1, behind the panel. By turning the coupling adjustment knob (centre knob) coil 2 may be tilted at various angles with respect to coil 1. When the knob is turned as far to the left as possible, as seen from the front of the panel, coil 2 will be moved down until it is nearly horizontal. The edge of coil 2 will then rest, slightly overlapping, on the inner edge of coil 1. It is not essential that coil 2 be so fixed that it may be brought down exactly parallel to coil 1, for the operating position is at a considerable angle, as indicated roughly by the position of coil 2 in Figures 2 and 4.

The wiring, as shown in Fig. 4, may be done with the same kind of wire as that used for the coils, "Spaghetti," or varnished cambric tubing, may be slipped over the wires before they are connected, but this is not essential.

A lot of information about the operation of the set, together with instructions for the construction of the coils, even if you cannot get forms of the specified size, will be given in a subsequent number of The Companion.

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Shown here exact size

Things to Do Especially for Girls

THE GRACIOUS RECIPIENT—The average girl is not selfish. She takes pleasure in putting herself out a little for the benefit of others' comfort and feels uneasy when she knows anyone is making sacrifices for her.

But people find it pleasant to do things for a girl. Her mother takes an interest in her clothes, and her aunts give her dainty things. If she goes to college or preparatory school, gifts go with her, and her way is usually paid. Her father is sometimes her slave, sometimes a despot, but almost always her base of financial supplies. Even when she earns her own living she often finds older or stronger persons going out of their way to make her happy.

What should be her attitude? Should she adopt a cool air of independence and refuse all favors, or consider them her just due?

She will play the most attractive part by carrying on a secret game of spiritual book-keeping. Certain favors she cannot decline. She must let her father bear at least a share of her responsibilities, and she must accept her mother's interest in her equipment; but she can plan ways to pay them back, not financially, but in things of the spirit. A little real adoration from a daughter never harms a parent. She need never fear that her parents will be "spoiled." They have too many serious problems to keep them busy. Write letters full of details and intimate reports of what is going on, and take time to get acquainted with your own family.

Write Us About It—Do you have a hard time accepting things gracefully and feeling at ease with people and making people feel at ease with you? Write and tell us. Perhaps we can help you. Adelaide is up on things like that—she lives in New York, you know, —and she will give her own attention to your particular worry. Adelaide always knows just what it takes to make a person charming.

No girl likes to be weighed down by gratitude. She feels that rather than be loaded for life with a feeling of obligation she would prefer that her parents and friends did less to help her; and her parents and friends would be the last to expect her to feel burdened with their services; but one of the most beautiful things in the world is real gratitude. Only a noble nature can express or even feel it, but for those who do feel it there is a stimulus in it.

"Spiritual bookkeeping" is a matter of noticing favors received and snatching opportunities to bestow affection and sympathy and other benefits in return.

A young woman who was private secretary to a college president in a great city was once making her way back to her boarding house when she slipped on the step and turned her ankle. She could not go to supper, and the girl who roomed across the hall ran in to see what she could do.

"Please let me go out and get you some things to eat," begged the neighbor.

"Oh, what a lovely thing to do," cried the secretary. "My purse is on the door."

"No!" said her neighbor. "I want to get the things myself and come in and have supper with you here!"

"A real party?" inquired the other. "It will be the time of my life."

So, instead of protesting every inch of the way, she let her friend give her the "party"; she praised the food and thanked her after the jolly supper hour was finished. But was that the last of it? The next day there was an afternoon tea at the college, to which she invited her new friend. There were delightful people there, and the popular secretary was the centre of a group. She explained why she came with a crutch, and then she told the company about the impromptu supper party. It is not strange that the new girl was swept at once into the heart of the congenial group.

Accept favors, not grudgingly, not awkwardly, but graciously and appreciatively. Then watch for the first opportunity to bless the giver in return, with gratitude or timely assistance or love.

The Department Editor

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., answers inquiries from subscribers about the contents of these pages.



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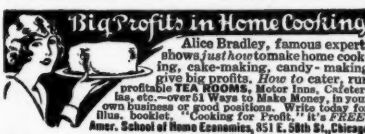
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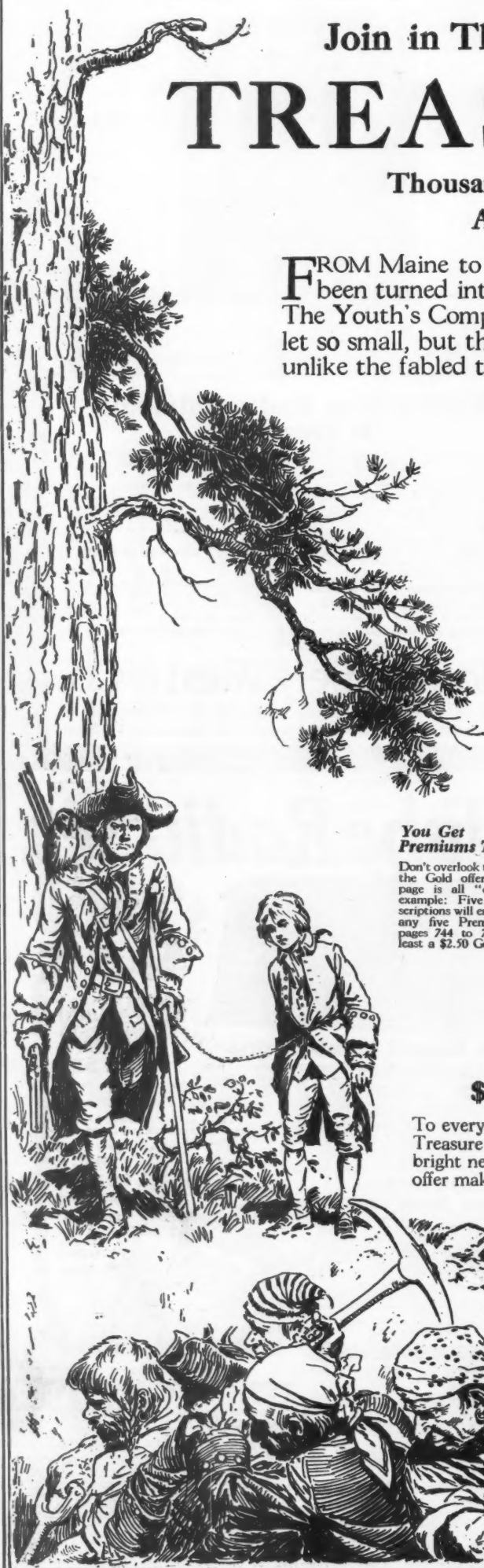
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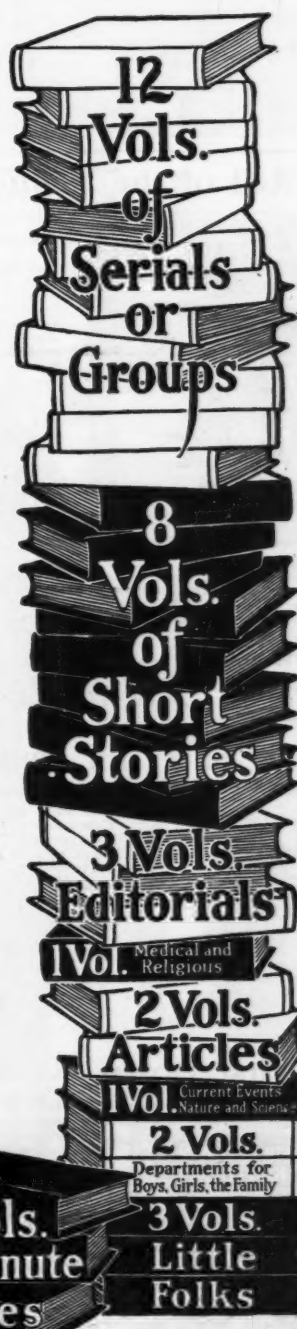
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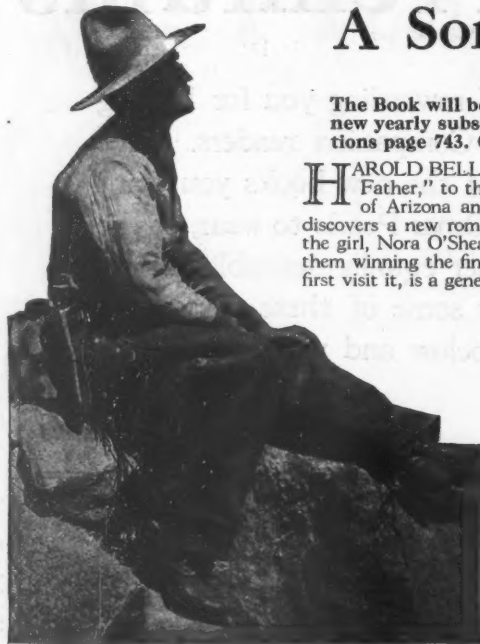
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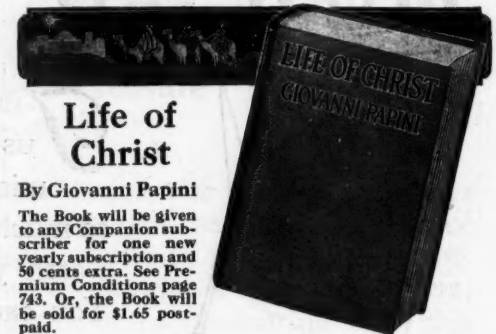
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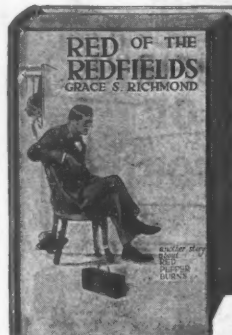
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DR. RED PEPPER BURNS is a cousin of the Redfield family whose home is the center of action for this new story of Mrs. Richmond's. Felix Rowe, a brilliant writer who as a war correspondent was badly

gassed and shot up, comes to Dr. Burns for treatment. There is nothing radically wrong with him except that he has no interest in life and his spirit has sunk into a lethargy from which no one is able to arouse it. "Red Pepper," realizing the stimulating, wholesome atmosphere of the Redfield's home, gets his cousin to take the brilliant young writer in.

The story of how Rowe is finally aroused into an eager pursuer of life and living is one of the finest of Mrs. Richmond's long list of successful novels.

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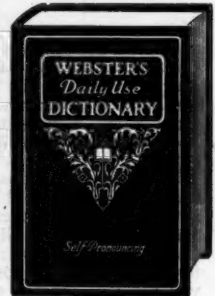
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The Dictionary contains 762 pages and measures 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches. It is bound in a fine quality blue cloth to give long wear, and has an attractive cover design in gilt.

Note. Not published by the original publishers of Webster's Dictionary or their successors.

The Dim Lantern

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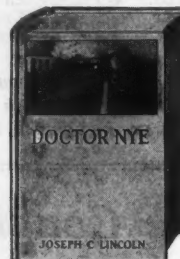
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By Mary Johnston

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IN "Croatan" the author has woven her story about that band of colonists sent by Sir Walter Raleigh from Plymouth in 1587 to settle in Virginia, under the governorship of John White.

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Emily of New Moon

By L. M. Montgomery

The Book will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. Or, the Book will be sold for 85 cents postpaid.



EMILY is a charming personage, suddenly transplanted to a huge and gloomy house, under the care of two frigid aunts. How she and the freckled-faced boy bring life and gaiety to New Moon, how they change the stern and forbidding aunts into delightfully human people, and how Emily solves the Great Secret, make a book full of action that you will enjoy reading.

Prudence's Daughter

By Ethel Hueston

The Book will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. Or, the Book will be sold for 85 cents postpaid.



NOW Geraldine, by the logic of time, belonged to the new generation. She had ideas of independence and freedom, she read books her mother had never heard of, she had "the broad mind" and "the tolerant outlook," and yet she was Prudence's daughter, the strain of the Parsonage persisted even if it didn't prevail.

How Prudence and Geraldine met these problems, makes an interesting story.

Only \$2.00 a year — less than 4 cents a copy — it will be easy to get new subscriptions at this price



Read our
liberal
offer at
bottom
of page

"Oh Boy!
Just What I Want
—and so easy to earn"

THE "BIG GIANT"

(Trade-Mark Registered)

A Real Steam Engine Using Kerosene for Fuel

THE "BIG GIANT" STEAM ENGINE CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY
FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

For Young Engineers

EVERY young engineer ought to own one of these superb engines. It will not only afford hours of pleasure, but in many cases will develop a taste for mechanical work and engineering. The engine is designed for running toy machinery at a high rate of speed. These toys, such as machine shops, mills, forges, etc., can easily be made by the boys. They will thus enjoy both the making and the running of their plant. Power can be transmitted to the machine shop or mill through an attached pulley wheel, with a cord for a belt.

Runs Toy Machinery

BOYS, just think of the fun you can have running this engine and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop horse power sufficient to run the buzz saw described on this page and many of the Meccano models, as well as the toy machinery you can make. The engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that may help you later in life.

DESCRIPTION: The illustration does not show the full size of the engine. It stands eleven inches high. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful steam engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have been made: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The engine is finely finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys offered.

Given for One New Subscription and 35 cents additional

Since The Youth's Companion has been reduced to \$2 a year, you will find it easy to secure a new subscription. Send the address to us with subscription money and 35 cents extra and we will present you with the Big Giant Steam Engine. Read Premium Conditions on Page 743. Or the Engine will be sold for \$2.75.

IMPORTANT. When sending in your order (premium or purchase) be sure to include the postage for the engine. Ask your postmaster how much postage will be required for a 2-lb. package.

TOY BUZZ SAW This toy is made of metal hand-somely japanned in color and is operated by a cord from pulley wheel of engine. If ordered with Engine it will be included for 25 cents extra postpaid.

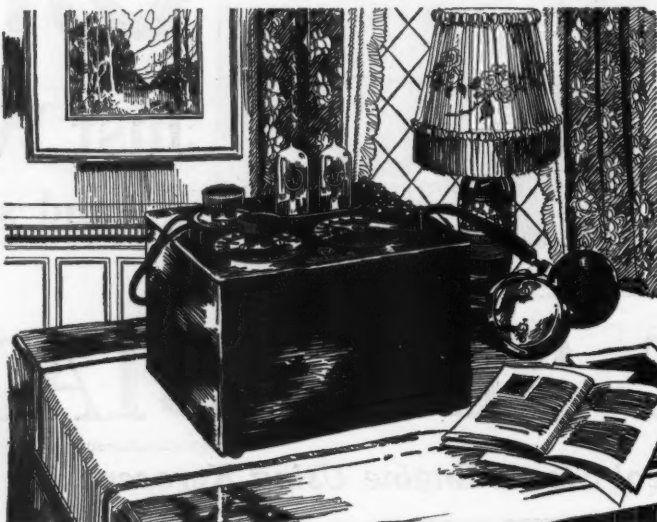


Tune In—everybody—To the Joys of Radio

Radiola III

THE RADIOLA III given to any Companion Subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$14.00 extra, or for 10 subscriptions and \$11.00 extra, or for 32 subscriptions. Or Radiola III will be sold for \$24.50. Shipped by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by receiver. Shipping weight 10 lbs.

Listen in everybody! With a genuine Radiola in your home, all the fun of radio is right within your reach. Tune in any time and get the programs you enjoy most. Sit down in the evening and hear your favorite orchestra in New York or a concert in Chicago, and hear them clearly. Get the speeches, the sport news, the fun; or dance to music a thousand miles away. The Radiola III brings in both voice and music clear and undistorted.



A Genuine Radiola

EASE of operation recommends the Radiola III for the beginner; excellence of performance recommends it for the radio fan. The following fine qualities account for its wide popularity. First, it can be set up without any instruction. Second, it is easy to operate—a single control does all the tuning, while another knob controls the volume. Third, it is economical, because it uses only the inexpensive dry batteries. Fourth, and most important for the enjoyment of fine programs, the Radiola has clearness, good tone quality, and distance. Many owners report distance reception up to 2,500 miles. And fifth, it comes to you complete; our offer includes two tubes and a set of headphones.



Tip-Top
Wrist Watch

TIP-TOP Wrist Watch for Men and Boys

The Wrist Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.60 extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the watch will be sold for \$3.75 postpaid.

TIP-TOP is the smartest low-priced watch on the market. The thin octagon, dust proof case, highly polished, is set at a rakish angle that lets you read time without twisting your arm. Yet, for all his beauty and smallness, Tip-Top's built for hard knocks. The ideal watch for work or sports. He's also a True Time Teller. If he cost ten times as much he couldn't be more reliable. Silvered dial, cubist numerals, sunk second hand, German silver back, bezel and crown, pull-out set and high grade leather strap.

Ready Money Bill Fold

The Bill Fold will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 10 cents extra. Or, the Bill Fold will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

THIS Wallet is made of genuine Morocco, will hold thirty bills without wrinkling and lies flat when opened. Bills quickly inserted or extracted and their denominations readily seen. The Wallet also has three pockets for personal cards, stamps, tickets, etc., and a pocket for pass or identification card, with transparent facing.

Achromatic Field Glass

The Field Glass will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.25 extra. Or, the Glass will be sold for \$6.50 postpaid.

THIS is an imported glass fitted with achromatic lenses affording clear definition and large, well-lighted field of view. Adapted for Boy Scouts, bird study and for general outdoor use. The body is covered with black morocco leather. Length of glass closed 3 1/2 inches and 4 1/2 inches when extended. Carrying case with shoulder straps included.

Leather Brief Case

The Brief Case will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.25 extra. Or, the Brief Case will be sold for \$4.00 postpaid.

THIS Brief Case is of genuine cowhide leather, and is fitted with two straps, nickel-plated lock, and reinforced handle. It measures 15 by 11 inches, and has two full-size pockets for books and one for papers. Full grain cowhide gussets, strongly sewed throughout. Ideal for business man or student. Color brown.

Companion "Name-On" Fountain Pen

The Pen will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Pen will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.

AHIGH grade, fully guaranteed pen with all the most up-to-date features and improvements. The barrel is of black rubber, tipped with red, giving the pen a distinctive appearance. It is a self-filler. Raise lever, place pen in ink, and your pen is filled. Simple, clean, quick. No inky fingers. It has a safety cap and simply cannot leak. Fitted with solid 14K gold pen point, iridium tipped. We offer choice of gentleman's pen No. 12 or Ladies' pen No. 10, also fine, medium or coarse point. The pen will be marked with any name free. Print plainly the name desired.



Companion "Name-On" Fountain Pen No. 10



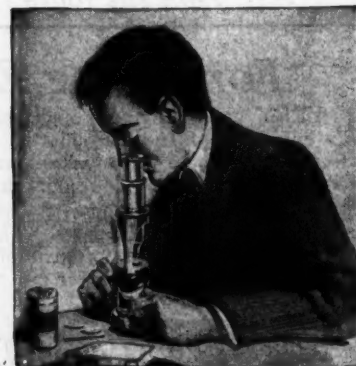
Companion "Name-On" Fountain Pen No. 12

French Compound Microscope

The Microscope will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.00 extra. Or, the Microscope will be sold for \$4.00 postpaid.

THIS Microscope is brass, 6 inches high, finely finished and lacquered, and has an eyepiece in a sliding tube 4 1/2 inches long, and a condensing mirror.

The combined magnifying power of the three objectives is 4245 times. Comes in a polished hardwood box, with 1 Prepared Object, 2 Glass Slips, 1 pair Brass Forceps and a booklet on the proper use of the Microscope.



French Compound Microscope

The Pockscope Sr.

The Pockscope Sr. will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 60 cents extra. Or, the Pockscope will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.

AHANDY pocket size telescope, ideal for the hunter, motorist, boy scout, and out-door enthusiast. Magnifies six times with clear, brilliant definition. Measures but 3 1/2 inches, closed, and is easily carried in vest pocket. Limp leather case included.

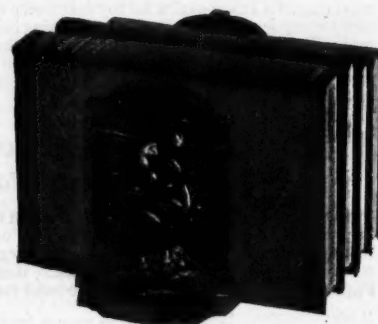


Pockscope Sr.

"The Thinker" Book Ends

The Book Ends will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 60 cents extra. Or, the Book Ends will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

THESE Book Ends are of antique green bronze finish, and measure 5 1/2 inches high by 4 1/2 inches wide. Have green felt bottoms to prevent scratching. The figure is Rodin's "Thinker." These Book Ends are in perfect keeping with the dignified furnishings of a library or living room, and make a most desirable premium.



"The Thinker" Book Ends



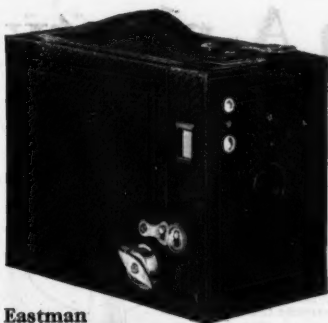
Ready Money Bill Fold



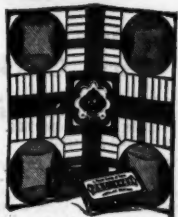
Achromatic Field Glass



Leather Brief Case



Eastman
Hawkeye Camera



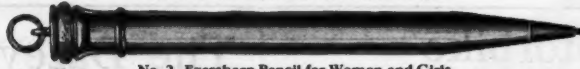
Royal Game of Parcheesi



The Home Bobber



No. 1 Eversharp Pencil for Men and Boys

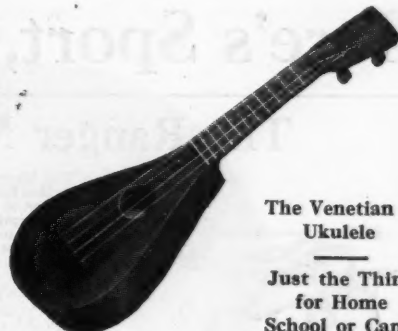


No. 2 Eversharp Pencil for Women and Girls

Genuine Eversharp Pencil

The Pencil will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Pencil will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

THE Eversharp Pencil is always sharp—never sharpened. Carries enough lead for a quarter million words, 18 inches in all, and a real point for every word. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Constructed with jeweler precision and finish throughout. The Eversharp has a silver-plated barrel and a handy eraser, under cover until needed. We offer choice of No. 1 with built-in pocket clip for men and boys, or No. 2 with ring for women and girls.



The Venetian
Ukulele

Just the Thing
for Home
School or Camp

Eastman Hawkeye Camera

The Camera will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.10 extra. Or, the Camera will be sold for \$2.50 postpaid.

ANYONE can operate this camera without previous experience. Merely point the camera, press lever and picture is taken. No focusing or estimating of distances. The Hawkeye has a carefully tested lens, and reliable shutter always ready for snapshots or time exposures. The entire camera is of metal, practically indestructible. It is Eastman-made. Uses six exposure roll film (No. 120). Makes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size. Complete instructions included.

The Venetian Uke

The Ukulele will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.50 extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Ukulele will be sold for \$5.00 postpaid.

THE VENETIAN is a new departure in ukulele design. Its unusualness appeals at once to those seeking something different, and it possesses a tonal quality all its own—of individual sweetness and richness. Description: Mahogany finish. A very accurate fingerboard found only in the best instruments. Rosewood pegs and brass frets. Best quality colored gut strings; third string silver plated copper-wire wound on silk.



Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet

Bread and Cake Cabinet

The Cabinet will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 65 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Cabinet will be sold for \$2.50.

Shipped from St. Paul, Minn. Ask postmaster how much postage you should send for an 11-lb. package.

THE Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days.

The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet taken apart and put together in a few minutes. 20 inches high, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 11 inches deep, galvanized steel aluminum finish.

Game of Parcheesi

The Game given to any Companion subscriber for one new subscription and 50 cents extra. Or, the Game will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

WE have probably used a larger number of the Royal Game of Parcheesi than of all other games combined. Its popularity increases each year and it has become the family game of the nation. Can be played by two, three or four persons at a time. Consists of handsomely covered folding board with attractive box containing eight bone dice, sixteen brass bound counters, four dice cups and directions.

White Gold Wrist Watch

The Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.60 extra. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$8.00 postpaid.

SIX-JEWEL, lever movement watch. Gives both the joy of a reliable timekeeper and the pleasure of a beautiful piece of jewelry. Equally desirable for child, school girl, or woman at home or in business. Case is 10k white gold filled, new tonneau shape, engraved with fancy design. Stem is set with blue stone. Bracelet of black silk grosgrain ribbon with clasps to match watch. Comes in attractive blue plush-lined box.



White Gold Wrist Watch

You'll Just Love Her to Pieces BABY SISTER

Come to Make Little Girls Happy

The Doll will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 45 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or the Doll will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

BABY SISTER is the new Companion baby, and we are sure that any doll family will welcome her. She has blue eyes, pink cheeks, and light brown hair, which looks as if it will curl when she grows up. She is a little over twelve inches long, just the right size for a baby doll, and her head and face look so natural and life-like that you almost expect to see her break into a smile. Her chubby little hands are curved and dimpled just like those of a real baby.

She wears long white clothes trimmed in dainty lace, and tiny white stockings. A soft, downy blue blanket tied with a blue ribbon wraps her from head to foot and keeps her snug and warm. If you hold her across your shoulder, or over your hand in a careless way, she cries lustily as any baby would, but usually she is quiet and apparently quite happy. Baby Sister is sure to win her way into the affections of any little girl.

Head and hands are made of composition not easily broken. Cloth stuffed body. Painted hair and features.



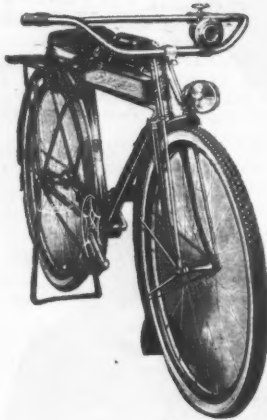
Oh Mother
come quick
and see
who's here!

Ask Santa
to Bring You This
Doll for Christmas

Sell Youth's Companion subscriptions as the finest kind of Christmas gifts, and watch your total pile up.

Here's Sport, Good Times, and Fun A-plenty

The Ranger Motorbike



The Motorbike will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$32.50 extra, or for 10 subscriptions and \$30.00 extra, or for 70 subscriptions. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Motorbike will be sold for \$49.50. Shipped by freight or express at receiver's expense.

HOW would you like to own the best looking bicycle in town? Here it is — a beauty — and yours in return for a little work for The Youth's Companion. When you're riding a speedy motorbike like the Ranger, errands seem like play, and play is twice as much fun as ever before.

Equipment

COLOR Golden-brown and White.
TIRES Samson Cushion Tread.
SADDLE Aristocrat Full Grain Leather.
PEDALS Imported Brampton Rubber.
CHAIN Brampton Roller.
MUD GUARDS Drop-side with Detachable Splasher.
STAND Quick Action Motorcycle Style.
CARRIER Tubular Rear Platform.
BRAKE New Departure Coaster Brake.
HEADLIGHT Large Electric Searchlight Style.
HORN Regular Automobile Style.
TOOL KIT Leather Bag and Set of Tools.
ACCESSORIES \$5.00 Premium Set.

The Ranger Motorbike can be supplied in three sizes, 18, 20, and 22-inch frame with 28-inch wheels. When ordering, please note: If you ordinarily use a 22-inch bicycle, order a 20-inch Motorbike; if you use a 20-inch, specify an 18-inch Motorbike.

The Dazey Sharpit

Sharpit will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, Sharpit will be sold for \$1.65 postpaid.

SHARPIT fills your needs to a "T". Any one can use it, and what it does will amaze you. Its twin grinding wheels put an edge on practically any kind of blade, straight, curved, beveled, big or little. It sharpens the ice pick, the can opener, and all kinds of knives. A special guide gives just the proper angle for the bevel on your scissors. It is an absolute necessity in every home.



TICK-TOCK Luminous Alarm Clock



The clock will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.50 extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the clock will be sold for \$3.50 postpaid.

THIS member of the True Time Tellers family will get you up on time. It has an attractive 3 3/4-inch dial, is fitted with a bowed glass and an improved 40-hour steel cut pinion movement, with a heavy nickel plated seamless brass octagon case. Height 5 inches.

The numerals and hands are treated with a radium compound which makes them glow at night. No matter how dark the room, the time may be plainly read without the aid of any other light.



Companion "Name" Knife Stainless Steel

The Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

THE blades and springs of this knife are made of stainless steel. This metal takes and holds a sharp edge and will neither rust nor corrode. The handle is ivory white celluloid on which we engrave the name of the owner free. The knife has nickel silver bolsters and is brass lined. American made and fully guaranteed.

Print plainly the name desired (limit sixteen letters).

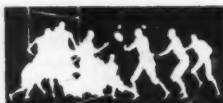


Collegiate Football

Collegiate Rugby Football

The Football will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.75 extra. Or, the Ball will be sold for \$3.00 postpaid.

THIS ball is made of a good quality of genuine pebble-grained cowhide leather. Canvas lined. Regulation size. The bladder is of pure rubber. Leather lace and steel lacing needle are included in our offer. This ball will give satisfaction in every particular.



Regulation Basket Ball

The Basket Ball will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.25 extra. Or, the Ball will be sold for \$4.00 postpaid.

THIS ball is made of selected pebble-grained leather. Standard eight-section pattern. Canvas lined. A ball that will give complete satisfaction. Substantially made and guaranteed to give excellent service.



Camp Axe

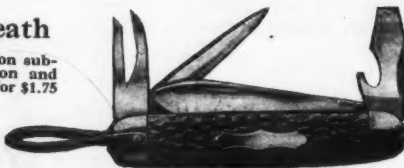
Camp Axe with Sheath

The Axe will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. Or, the Axe will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

MADE of Crecoite steel — that wonderful new tool metal, perfected after thirty years of steel-making experience, with select green stained hickory handle. Length of handle, 14 inches. Fully warranted as to material and workmanship. A necessity for Boy Scouts, woodsmen and trappers. A leather belt Sheath included.



Basket Ball



Boy Scout Knife



Hamilton Single Shot Rifle .22 Calibre

The Rifle will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.75 extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Rifle will be sold for \$3.25 postpaid.

HERE is the ideal rifle for target practice and small game shooting. Not a toy, but a regular 22-calibre rifle, with a 16-inch tapered barrel, chambered for long and short rim fire cartridges. The solid breech block makes the action absolutely safe.

This is the only rifle with the inner tube of barrel constructed of bronze, carefully rifled under exclusive patents. It cannot rust. The outer jacket, frame and mechanical parts are of steel, blued finish. The stock and forearm are of gumwood, with a walnut finish. Sights: Open and adjustable rear knife edge front. The rifle is light and compact and when taken apart may be conveniently carried in suitcase. The weight of the rifle is 2 3/4 lbs.

Boy Scout Knife

The Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

THIS is a combination Jackknife, Screw Driver, Leather Punch, Can Opener, Tack Lifter, Cap Lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, patent staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, name plate and shackle, and is brass lined. The uses to which this handy Knife may be put are legion. It really combines four useful tools and a jackknife all in one. By opening the proper blade, it becomes in turn a Jackknife, Screw Driver, Leather Punch, Can Opener, Tack Lifter, Cap Lifter.

Marble's Woodcraft Hunting Knife With Leather Sheath

The Hunting Knife and Sheath will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$2.25 postpaid.

THIS high-grade Marble Hunting Knife has the shape, weight and quality of knives costing \$3.50. The blade is 4 1/2 inches long, made from the finest cutlery steel, carefully tempered and tested, of the right shape and strength for sticking, skinning and cleaning. The handle is of laminated leather, properly proportioned. We include the Sheath as shown.



Hunting Knife

Pathfinder Watch With Compass in Crown

The Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

THE Pathfinder Watch, 14-size model, has a nickel-plated case, open face, Arabic dial, "pull out" stem set, red minute numerals around outer margin, unbreakable crystal, and is a good timekeeper. A compass in the top of the crown adds greatly to the usefulness of the Watch.

Next time you're "roughing it" in the woods or camping overnight on an automobile trip, take a Pathfinder watch with you, and see for yourself what a convenience it is. You're not worried about breaking it, you always have the right time, and the compass will give you the exact direction.



Explorer's Compass



Pathfinder Watch

Explorer's Jeweled Compass

The Compass will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions page 743. Or, the Compass will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

THIS high-grade Compass is designed for the explorer, hunter and Boy Scout. Special features are revolving bottom and fixed indicating arrow which can be set in the direction to be traveled.

Has solid brass case, polished and lacquered, heavy beveled edge glass, silvered dial with full divisions, needle with jeweled bearing and sliding needle stop. Diameter 1 3/4 inches.

Many Companion readers will find the Bags of Treasure. Why not you? Hit the trail today. See page 742



Enamel Hat Box

Russet Trim

The Hat Box will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.70 extra, or given for 6 subscriptions. Or, the Hat Box will be sold for \$6.00. Send postage for a 9-lb. package. Shipped from Worcester, Mass.

THE new name for this attractive Hat Box is the "round week-end case." It is very much in vogue at present, its great popularity being due to the fact that it will hold everything that a week-end case will and a hat as well. It is black enamel trimmed in russet leatherette, and fastens with a polished brass lock and side clamps. Is lined with a soft shade of cretonne, and contains a large pocket inside the cover and a removable hat form in the bottom. For smart appearance and convenience combined it is unequalled. The handy 16 x 8-inch size.

Boudoir Lamp with Silk Shade

The Boudoir Lamp will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 65 cents extra. Or, the Boudoir Lamp will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

ANY room would be more attractive and comfortable with the addition of this pretty lamp. Its deep blue crockery base and rose silk shade blend well with almost all colors, and its soft light makes it suitable for reading, dressing, or sewing. On account of its convenient size, it may be moved from dresser to table, and its five and a half foot silk cord will easily reach the nearest plug. When you receive this lamp, you have only to screw in an electric bulb, and it is ready to use.



Companion Electric Stove

The Stove will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. Or, the Stove will be sold for \$1.15 postpaid.

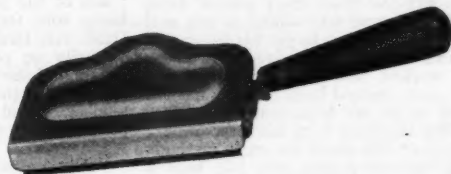
THE housewife will find many uses for this Stove: Bacon, eggs, griddle cakes, steaks, and chops can be cooked as readily as fudge, taffy, or candy. Tea or coffee may be made, and bread may be quickly toasted just the right degree of crispness. No soot, dirt, flame, fire, danger, or odor. The Stove is made of cold-rolled steel, nickel-plated and polished, and measures 6 x 5 1/4 inches. Our offer includes a 2-piece plug with cord attached, ready for instant use. Operates on 110-volt current only.



Crumb Sweeper with Ebonized Handle

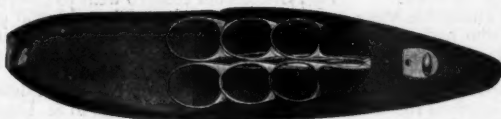
The Crumb Sweeper will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Or, the Crumb Sweeper will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

EVERY one who has ever used a carpet sweeper knows the great advantage that it has over the old-fashioned broom and dust pan. This Crumb Sweeper has a similar advantage over the tray and scraper. You simply move it along the table by the handle, and the revolving brush gathers the crumbs into the attached tray. The Sweeper makes a nice appearance with its nickel plating and ebony finished handle. You will find it a great convenience.



Three-Piece Scissors Set in Leatherette Case

The Scissors Set will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Or, the Scissors Set will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.



A SET of three pairs of finely nicked, highly polished scissors, each in a separate pocket of a plush-lined leatherette case. These scissors are forged from solid steel, with keen cutting edges which may be depended upon to retain their sharpness during extensive use. They will adequately meet the various needs constantly arising in the house for a sharp pair of scissors. Sizes 3 1/2, 4 1/2, and 5 inches.

Electric Flatiron with Attached Rest

The Electric Flatiron will be given to any Companion subscriber for one yearly subscription and \$1.25 extra. Or, the Flatiron will be sold for \$2.25. Shipped from Chicago, Ill. Send postage for 7-lb. package.

THIS finely tempered iron is the latest model on the market. Weighs 6 pounds, the most satisfactory size for household use. It is fitted with 6 feet of flexible cord, 2-piece plug, and attached rest (no stand required). Rounded edges and mirror-smooth ironing surface. Heats to the very tip and gets into seams and frills. Makes ironing a pleasure. Operates on direct or alternating current of 110 volts.



The Exquisite

Omar Pearls

THE fascination of pearls dates back to dim and forgotten history, but never has it been more truly expressed than in the creation of Omar Pearls. These pearls are not to be confused with the cheap, destructible bead pearls; they have a sheen and color, a fire and orient equalled only by the deep sea gem itself. Every woman who sees them feels the appeal of their beauty, and desires to clasp them about her neck.

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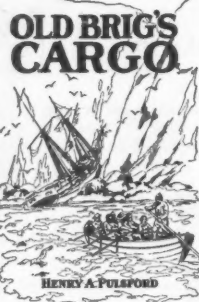
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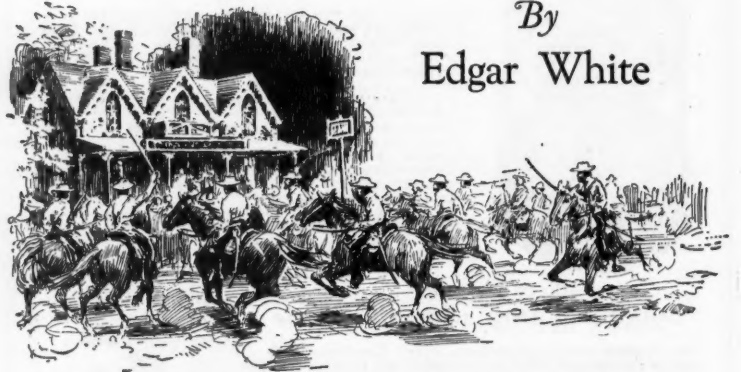
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The CLUTCH of the CORSIKAN



WHEN MONEY WAS THE SCARCEST THING

By
Edgar White



Bill Anderson and his guerilla gang swooped down on the town

IN these days of enormous circulation of legal tender it is hard to realize that there ever was a time when people would go for months without ever seeing a dollar bill. Money was so scarce that silver dollars were cut into quarters with a chisel, and each piece was called "two bits." Almost anything was legal tender, but Uncle Sam had to have cash before he would deliver a letter to the recipient. Here is an authentic incident, related by a merchant of Macon County, Missouri, that illustrates the difficulty people had in getting a little real money:

A farm hand was notified that a letter from Virginia was awaiting him in the post office at Bloomington, Missouri, and that on it were charges for twenty-five cents. The man was unable to borrow any money, though he had plenty of friends who would have given him many dollars' worth of provisions or of anything else that he might need. In a day or two he learned that a man some twenty-five miles away wanted some chopping done and was willing to pay real money for it. Anxious to get his letter, the farm hand walked twenty-five miles to the timber, worked two days for twenty-five cents in cash, walked back to Bloomington and paid to get his letter out of the post office. Such incidents were not rare.

In a recent talk about the early methods of doing business a man, who had kept a general store in Macon, referred to the security that people in the rural districts enjoyed from thieves before the war between the states. He said:

"In some of the larger stores there were big iron safes that opened with an enormous glass key. It turned a simple lock, and a modern 'cracksman' would have laughed at it. But the big key and the strong iron safe looked good to the people of the town.

"The safe in our store at Huntsville was a sort of bank for the few who had money. Its good reputation as a safe place of deposit was never questioned until Bill Anderson and his guerilla gang swooped down on the town in September, 1864, smashed the safe and took the money. Among the loot was three hundred dollars that belonged to Tad Austin, who had been a schoolmate of Anderson's. Tad needed the money so badly that he had the temerity to walk through the rough riders up to the chief and demand it. Anderson shook hands with him, pointed out the 'treasurer,' and ordered him to give Tad whatever amount he claimed.

"Until the advent of the traveling salesman about 1857 the only representative from the wholesale house in the city to visit the village stores was the collector. Driving a two-wheeled cart, he would visit the various towns and settlements where his house did business. The collector made his trips twice a year. He was really the business inspector; the big part of his mission was to ascertain the condition of the country, how the stores were faring and the outlook for crops.

"If when the collector came we had the money to settle our account, all well and good. If the cash was not in the old safe and in the collector's judgment our business prospects were good, we could easily obtain

an extension of six months. He inquired particularly about the tobacco crop, which was the money crop of the planter.

"The collector carried no sample cases and took no orders. The money he collected he put into a sack in his little cart, drove to some town where there was a bank and deposited it there subject to St. Louis draft. In our neighborhood the nearest bank was at Glasgow on the Missouri, and the next nearest at Hannibal on the Mississippi. The collector, often with several sacks of coin and bills in his cart, would drive alone through the forests and across long isolated stretches with no thought of danger, though he did carry a big single-shot pistol for emergencies.

"The things we sold at our store in the fifties were striped stick candy, hoarhound, candy kisses wrapped in paper with affectionate mottoes, writing paper, quills, ink, axes, plows, nails, drugs,—the variety was not large, for there were not so many complaints then,—drygoods, boots and shoes, grindstones, skiffs, clothing and story books.

"The finest food in the world was within reach of the poorest man. Choice venison hams sold for twenty-five cents a pair. Quail were twelve cents a dozen. There was virtually no price on eggs, they were so cheap, and the same was true of wild honey. But with all those delicacies so plentiful the pioneer craved mackerel, herring and salt fish! And the stores had to keep them in stock.

"Tobacco, as I said, was the farmer's money crop. If he put out a good crop, his credit was good at the store. North Missouri raised a tremendous amount of tobacco. The product was treated and casked in large frame buildings called tobacco factories and transported to Glasgow on the plank road. There it was loaded on a steamer for St. Louis, where it was transferred to another steamer and shipped to New Orleans. From New Orleans our tobacco went to Liverpool, which furnished us a steady market at good prices until India went into the business and then our farmers quit raising tobacco and turned to corn and wheat.

"Before the era of the traveling salesman the head of the firm would go to St. Louis to choose a new lot of goods. The big wholesale houses of St. Louis were on the levee, on Main Street and on Second Street, almost within arm's reach of the river. Our goods would come up to Glasgow on boats and from there would follow the toll road to Huntsville. That toll road was the pioneer's idea of an improved highway. A company that was capitalized for twenty-five thousand dollars built it. There was a toll gate every five miles. The stage coaches, freight wagons and private carriages all used the road, and it paid a dividend every year until the railway came into our neighborhood.

"The return of the merchant was followed by a night reception at the store, where he would graphically describe the incidents of his journey, how the boat behaved and its trouble with sandbars, the famous statesmen and planters he had met either at the Southern or at the Planters' Hotel, and how Broadway was looking. How we young fellows did envy the man who was able to travel such a mighty distance and talk with nonchalance of steamboat captains, hotel proprietors and policemen in uniform!"

CAN INSECTS HEAR?

THIS interesting question is discussed in the Scientific American by Mr. S. F. Aaron.

Insects are so diminutive and have a nervous construction so susceptible to touch, sight, taste and, most delicately, smell, that it would appear natural, he says, that they must detect a disturbance of the atmosphere resulting from any kind of noise. But with the exception of certain families of grasshoppers, crickets and beetles, the males of which call the females by stridulating, there seems to be no evidence that the invertebrates have any real sense of sound.

The antennae would seem to be the most likely organs of hearing. The females of katydids, true and false, of the crickets, those of the deathwatch and certain longicorn beetles use their long and slender antennae in locating the call notes of the other sex. These flexible "feelers" are in constant motion, and they no doubt guide these insects in their response to an amorous serenade. That fact might lead us to conclude that other insects with similar antennal development can detect sound, but the evidence is against it.

Some observers have thought that the organs of hearing in the katydids and crickets are to be found in the front legs. There is a widening of the tibia that permits of a broadened cleft, within which is a sort of disk not unlike the inner eardrum or the tympanum of a fish. But these organs have little or nothing to do with receiving sound. Grasshoppers and crickets as a means of escape readily cast off a leg when that member is seized by an enemy, and that appears to cause them no particular discomfort. When the two forelegs of a caged female of the large false katydid were separated from her she very soon resumed the quest for the stridulating male hidden among a tangle of twigs and leaves in the same cage; the antennae undoubtedly directed the search. Moreover, the males of certain crickets do not possess these appendages in the legs, though they are clearly susceptible to the stridulations of other members of their own species.

It seems strange that the sensitive antennae of butterflies and those of certain moths that possess many branched, feather-like or hairlike feelers are not sensitive to the most delicate disturbances of the at-

mosphere. But after frequent experiment I cannot discover any method of sound-making to which these insects will respond.

Finding in the woods near my home a blue basilarchia, sporting in a certain spot, I resorted thither with several kinds of sound-producing objects: a penny tin horn, a tin pan on which to beat and scrape, and my own whistle and voice. I approached stealthily from down-wind and stood within a few feet of the insect, making every kind of shrill, harsh, grating, rasping and jarring noise.

But there was not the slightest indication that this alert butterfly perceived any of them. The little creature, ready to take wing upon the slightest alarm coming through a suspicious odor, or the merest motion, did not once turn in the direction of the sounds, nor even slant its antennae toward them. When I discharged a shotgun within a yard of the insect, the only effect was a flit of the wings.

Similar experiments with other insects and with spiders have given like results. Musical tones in varied keys, rasping, whirling, bubbling, screeching, whistling and shouting sounds and detonating noises arouse no sort of interest in these creatures.

I regret that similar experiments have not been tried upon the long-horned grasshoppers; I only know that firing a gun in the woods near nightfall in late summer and when the broad, concave-winged locusts have begun katydidging with all their energy will serve to check some of them for a moment; at least those that are nearest. I know also from observation that a cerambycid beetle, the two-striped adult of the round-headed apple borer, will show very decided evidences of hearing certain noises made near by. Whistling loudly made it turn toward the sound and elevate its long antennae, and a clapping of the hands caused it to turn and crawl away. The long single scrape of a violin bow across the strings seemed actually to attract it.

Ants also are an exception to the majority of insects with regard to detecting sounds, though they are only susceptible to a jarring of the ground, or to a sharp sound above them, as the clapping of hands, or the striking of two stones together. Other sounds make no visible impression upon them.

TEACHING HIPPO TO RUN

WHATEVER may have been the case in years gone by, animals are nowadays trained to perform for the amusements, not by cruel punishment, but by making clever use of the creature's fondness for some particular article of food.

Animals, says Mr. Courtney Cooper in Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything, do not now pretend to work because they are afraid; they merely work for wages. For years, in the old days, trainers had kicked and mauled and beaten a slow-thinking, lunk-headed hippopotamus in an effort to make him perform. It was impossible. The hip neither fought nor obeyed. It didn't have enough sense to know that it could escape punishment by doing a few tricks. Then, with the coming of the newer régime into the circus business, the effort was discontinued. For years the big river hog merely wallowed in his trough. Then, one day, an animal trainer slanted his head and stood for a long time in thought.

"Believe I'll work that hip," he announced. And a week later, the miracle happened!

"Ladies-s-s-s-s and gentlemen-n-n-n," came the bawling outcry of the official an-

nouncer, "I take great pleasuh in announcing to you a featurah not on the programme, a race between a swift-footed human being-g-g-g and a real, living, breathing hippopotamus-s-s, the sweating be-moth of Holy Writ. Wa-a-a-tch them!"

Into the hippodrome track from the menagerie connection came the trainer, running at a fair gait, while, striving his best, seemingly, to outpace him, was a goggle-eyed hippopotamus, trotting as swiftly as his wobbly avoirdupois would permit. All the way around they went, the hippopotamus gaining for an instant, then the trainer taking the lead again, finally passing once more into the menagerie. The audience applauded delightedly. It was the first time it had ever seen a trained hippopotamus. Nor had it noticed the fact that, about fifty yards in advance of the racing pair, was a menagerie attendant, also running. The important thing about this person was that he carried a bucket of bran mash, and the hippopotamus knew that it was for him! He wasn't racing the trainer, he was merely following a good meal—the old, old story of the donkey and the ear of corn!

A LIFE-SAVING PONY

ALTHOUGH many people are aware that Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, is a lover of animals, and that he has done a great deal to better the lot of the unfortunate pit ponies, the following story, told by Sir Harry himself, which is quoted in Pearson's Weekly, will be new to many readers of The Companion.

"I was a pony driver in the coal mine," he has said, "and one day I was driving into the coal face. I was going through what they call a drift, and my little pony stopped where the roof was very high and very dangerous. I wondered why the pony stopped for a

second or two then. I gave him a crack with my whip.

"Immediately I struck him with the whip he turned round to the side of the little tub I was sitting in, and I am not exaggerating when I say that about one hundred thousand tons of roof fell. Had it not been for the acuteness of the hearing of that pony we should both have been buried alive. I owe my life to that Shetland pony, and when I saw what happened I jumped out of the tub and put my arm round his neck and I kissed him."

No doubt the pony felt well repaid!



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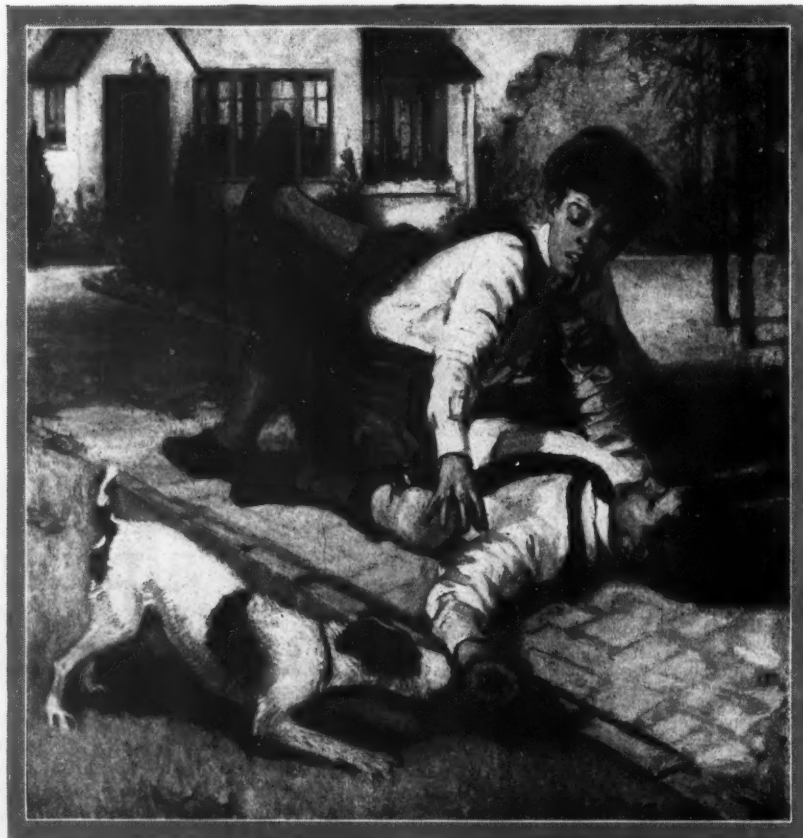
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That's the kind of work you get out of the Kingsbury Tractor—built like the big ones. It has a flexible track, great power and hauls a load that surprises everyone who sees this toy in action. The motor is unusually strong. It winds from the side and is controlled by a stop lever on the left of the driver. Length with Trailer, 18 inches. Ask for the Kingsbury Tractor and Trailer at your local toy store. Or send us \$3.00 and we will ship this outfit to you with all charges paid. Be sure to write for the big Kingsbury Toy Catalog, full of Automobiles, Fire Engines, Hook and Ladders, Aeroplanes, Dump Carts, Delivery Trucks and other Toys you will want for Christmas.

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No. 1



14 little blouses blowing on the line



WHEN we saw those blouses, and counted them, and surveyed the rest of the beautiful, fresh-looking clothes snapping in the crisp breeze, we simply had to stop in for a talk with their owner.

Mrs. Marshall* proved to be one of those cordial, friendly people you just can't help liking. Her house was friendly, too—with bright chintzes, glistening white woodwork, and welcoming, comfortable chairs.

"How do you do it?" we asked her when we found she'd done that whole wash herself. "There are *fourteen* blouses on that line!"

"There aren't always so many," she laughed. "Somehow Dick and Bobby each needed a clean blouse every day last week. But even fourteen blouses aren't so much work as they once were, since I've used P and G Naphtha Soap. I suppose that pleases you!" she added.

Hints from Mrs. Marshall

"Before putting the clothes to soak, I always have lukewarm water in the tub. I never put the clothes in first and then run in hot and cold water. Hot water, striking the clothes, sets the dirt. Also, the first few drops are often rusty and make stubborn stains. With P and G I soak my clothes only during breakfast, not over night. This loosens even the most ground-in dirt without rubbing."

"Indeed it does," we replied. "How do you notice the difference?"

"By comparison. Like most women, I've tried a good many soaps, but P and G simply outdoes them all. It gets the clothes clean so quickly, without ever fading their colors. I never have to rub hard any more, or boil every week. And I not only use it in the laundry but everywhere else in the house from kitchen to bathroom."

Of course, Mrs. Marshall is only one of the millions of women who think this way about P and G, and that is why P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America. You see, it does everything better! And it makes no difference whether the water is hard or soft, cold or hot, P and G always gives beautiful, quick, safe results. Don't you think it ought to be doing *your* work, too?

*Of course, this isn't her real name.

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